New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Arming the Diseased

THE old Germany is flexing its muscles again. And as its physical strength grows, so the old arrogance is returning. There was a time when Dr Adenauer cringed at the feet of the British occupation authorities. Now he dictates his terms for the settlement of Europe. After the western Summit in December, he took it upon himself to announce publicly that all the progress made at the foreign ministers' conference last year was 'null and void'. Now his obedient party hacks are claiming in the Bundestag that Bonn has a prescriptive right to veto any western proposals for a Berlin agreement. (The fact that the allied presence in Berlin rests entirely on the terms of Germany's unconditional surrender is conveniently ignored.) He proposes to descend on President Eisenhower next month to put an end to any 'backsliding'. His utterances are peppered with images of violence. Opposition parties should be 'knocked on the head'. Law-breakers should be 'dealt with summarily on the spot'. Like Hitler, he descants on Germany's 'historic role' as the custodian of European civilisation.

Meanwhile, the re-armament of his forces proceeds steadily and stealthily. In less than two years, the German contribution to the ground strength of Nato will be greater than all the other allies combined. And this preponderance will be inevitably reflected in the higher command structure – and ultimately in policy. West Germany will shortly possess nearly a thousand supersonic fighter-bombers, which can carry nuclear weapons far across the Iron Curtain. German forces already have their hands on two types of missiles; these will be joined by the Mace and Matador, whose range can carry them into Russia.

We have been repeatedly assured that Germany will never have uninhibited possession of nuclear warheads; that these will be kept under American lock and key. But last week President Eisenhower gave us a plain indication of where we are really heading. His government, he said, would like to have the power to hand over bombs and warheads to allies which have proved their reliability. And, by Pentagon standards, Germany is eminently 'reliable'. So we come to another stage in the long trail of broken promises. Ex-Nazis were to be banned from the public service: three of them are now in the Cabinet. Krupps' empire was to be demolished: he is once more the most powerful industrialist in Europe. Limitations were placed on the weapons Germany might possess: today, an official allied committee is studying means of evading them.

The fear of nuclear-armed Germany is not merely emotional. Firstly, Bonn has never renounced its territorial claims to East Germany and a large part of Poland. On the contrary, these are specifically advanced in official publications and maps; the return of the 'lost territories' is a constant theme of West German propaganda, and the prime object of the extremist sects which are once again poisoning German youth. So long as these claims are maintained, it is plainly madness to give the Germans the means of starting a world war by attempting to enforce them by violence.

Secondly, whatever lessons the Germans may have learnt from their past follies, one has gone totally unregarded: the dangers of entrusting their destiny to a single will. The forms of democracy have been dutifully erected: the spirit died at birth. The 'other Germany' still seems paralysed. The Social Democrats maintain their long tradition of pusillanimity; the Demo-christians meekly accept the *diktat* of their leader. Dr Adenauer treats the Bundestag with contempt, insults his Cabinet ministers, and lays down policy in solitary acerbity, while the many individual Germans who would like to oppose fail to change the general pattern of bovine contentment. After Adenauer goes, where and by whom the Germans will be led is unknown; what seems certain is that they will follow without protest. It is our duty, as well as common sense, to ensure that their pilgrimage is without hurt to their long-suffering neighbours, whether in the East or the West.

Comments on the Week's News

The Tory Folly in Cyprus

The breakdown of negotiations on the British bases in Cyprus adds one more lamentable chapter to the history of Tory ineptitude towards the island. The gap between the British government's point of view and that of the Cypriots has always been wide. It could be measured in terms of the alternative proposals for the extent of the military base area; 120 square miles by the British and 36 square miles by the Cypriots. Yet, if there was an opportunity for manoeuvre and negotiations – and it has always been the control of civil administration outside the actual military area which has concerned the Cypriots – the British government could hardly have done more to throw it away. The London conference of last month almost broke down at its beginning because, as soon as Sir Hugh Foot had left the island, Mr Reddaway, the *bête noir* of all Greek Cypriots, who had been foolishly left as acting governor, published in the *Government Gazette*, an announcement of acquisition of land for the bases – including a part of the Archbishopric. On the very same day that this news was cabled to London Mr Selwyn Lloyd showed his ignorance of the Archbishop's character by virtually serving an ultimatum on him through the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr Averoff. Finally, when agreement could not be reached in London the government had the extraordinary idea of sending Mr Julian Amery, Colonial Under-Secretary, to help the negotiations in Nicosia. Considering Mr Amery's Suez record and the fact that one of the Cypriot concerns has been the British claim to declare an emergency whenever they like in order to take over control of the whole base area, the likelihood of his 'helping' can be imagined. It is remarkable that after the British government has had its Cypriot chestnuts pulled out of the fire for it by Greeks and Turks, it can now endanger the whole chance of a settlement by continuing to treat Cyprus as if it were to remain a colony. Tory policy has in fact achieved the fantastic object of uniting Archbishop Makarios and Dr Kutchuk in defence of their island's independence.

Algeria: The Next Phase

General de Gaulle evidently realises that he must press home his temporary victory over the Algiers insurgents. The dismissal of Soustelle, the replacement of the weak Defence Minister, Guillaumat, and the arrest of M. Biaggi, perhaps the ablest of the conspirators, and Alain de Sérigny, the extremists' spokesman in the Algiers press, are important and welcome steps. But the basic problem – what to do with the army – remains. Already the new Defence Minister, M. Messmer, is reported to have told a group of officers in Algeria that the army's function is to ensure that Algeria remains French. This statement, which implicitly contradicts de Gaulle's policy, seems to indicate that the new minister has already succumbed to the army's views. Moreover, although one or two commanders have been replaced, and more transfers are expected, no real disciplinary action has yet been taken against any of the senior officers responsible for the 'passive mutiny' of the army a fortnight ago. It may well be, as some observers believe, that the mere replacement of suspect officers by others whose loyalty has not yet been found wanting will solve nothing. So deeply is the army now committed to the myth of *l'Algérie française* that very few of its officers are now prepared to put their duty to the government first. This, of course, springs from the quasi-political and administrative role which the army has gradually assumed in Algeria during the last five years. In effect, by posing the option of independence (or even federation), de Gaulle threatens to rob the army of a cherished private empire. His wisest course, therefore, is not primarily to impose his will on the army by changes in personnel, but to transfer back to the civil power – if necessary gradually – the administrative responsibilities the army has been permitted to usurp. As a prelude to de-colonialisation, Algeria needs a phase of de-colonelisation.

Mr Haxell's Election

When Mr Frank Haxell, the Communist general secretary of the Electrical Trades Union, was this week declared re-elected for a further term of five years, the union leadership complained about a press campaign. This campaign, it seems, was designed to show that support for Mr Haxell's non-Communist rival, Mr Byrne, was so widespread that he was bound to win, the inference being that if the leadership were to declare Mr Haxell the victor then this would be evidence that the election had been rigged. It is rather touching that their feelings should be hurt in this way, but they have only themselves to blame for public suspicion. Unhappily the pattern of the result which is announced does not immediately restore confidence in the affairs of this powerful union. The voting figures are interesting. In 1955 Mr Haxell received 27,932 votes and Mr Byrne 14,924; this year the figures are 19,611 and 18,577. It is believed that in the present election an unprecedented number of branches – rumoured at 100 – had their votes invalidated. It is, of course, quite possible that the invalid votes were divided equally between the candidates. It is even possible that a majority went to Mr Haxell: after all, the Communist campaign was intense and some trade-unionists will support on principle any general secretary attacked by the press. But the public cannot be blamed for suspecting that it is more likely that the invalidated branches were sufficiently pro-Byrne to have swung the result. What remains beyond doubt is that the attention the ETU's affairs have attracted in recent years has not moved the vast majority of its 230,000 members enough for them to vote in this election. Even supposing that some 6,000 votes were invalidated, the total poll is barely larger than in 1955. Equally beyond doubt is the shift of opinion among the voting members. Confidence in the leadership has declined sharply. But there are signs that the leadership may pay some attention to this decline. This week an executive member was arraigned on a charge of communicating to the press the text of a letter from the ETU to the TUC. Unexpectedly, only a small fine was imposed.

Hopeful Signs for Kenya

Over the past week the progress made in the informal negotiations between the groups at the Kenya conference has been most promising. The two main groups concerned are the African delegation, led by Ngala and Mboya, and Michael Blundell's multiracial party. It seems that both sides are genuinely anxious to find a compromise. Already the very big step has been taken of agreeing in principle to drop both the communal roles and the high-franchise role. This is a real concession by the Blundell group. The Africans on their side seem to be prepared to suspend their demand for adult suffrage at least for the next election. It now seems possible, therefore, that the compromise arranged between the two groups will consist of one common electoral roll with low-franchise qualifications and reserved seats for the minorities. It may be that into this scheme will also be introduced some form of primary election amongst the minorities for the nomination of their candidates. If the present progress is maintained, all honour will be due both to the African leaders and to Michael Blundell and his colleagues for facing reality and abandoning racial prejudices for the sake of building a new nation.

Attack on the Health Service

The significance of the demand by Conservative back-benchers and some doctors that private patients should be able to obtain drugs under the National Health Service is considerable. Disguised as a matter of simple equity, it is a proposal which, if accepted, would go further towards destroyin the basis of the Health Service than any of the other changes made since 1948, bad as some of these have been. Its effect would be to place the private patient in a privileged position and to create two standards of service. The freedom of a patient and a practitioner to make private arrangements for treatment is not in dispute, but the subsidisation of such arrangements by the community at large is a vastly different matter. There is already reason to suppose that the private patient has a better chance of speedy hospital treatment. Now it is proposed to reinforce this advantageous position by the supply of medicines at the standard rate of a shilling an item. Experience leaves little doubt that many doctors would not err on the side of under-prescribing, and the present pressure is therefore particularly inappropriate at the very time when the Minister is once again pleading for restraint in prescribing. The advocates of this change have prayed to their aid not only justice but also logic. There is in fact a logical course, but it is not theirs. Instead of using public money to bolster private practice, it would be entirely proper for the Minister to say that private patients should continue to pay for their drugs and should also be required to accept the full implications of their choice by paying for the hospital treatment which at present they obtain without charge.

Towns Wanting Work

The geographical pattern of towns and cities which, the Board of Trade announced this week, will qualify for help under the Local Unemployment Bill is only too familiar. For the most part they lie on the periphery, at the dead-ends of railroads – places like the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, West Cumberland, Anglesey, Milford Haven, Ilfracombe and Seaham, where unemployment and depopulation together pose seemingly intractable problems. Under the new bill, to qualify for government assistance a town needs to have four per cent unemployment, so that additions and subtractions will be made as the situation fluctuates. What emerges strikingly from the new list, however, is its difference from those of previous development schemes. No longer are cotton-belt towns like Oldham, Blackburn and Burnley thought to need help (but what happens when mills close under the government's 'scrap and shut down' cotton policy?), nor places like Wrexham, Newcastle and Swansea. No testimony could be more eloquent to the success of the Labour government's policy for development areas, but the government has nevertheless chosen to abandon the Distribution of Industry acts in favour of the present bill. The announcement by major motor car manufacturers of plans to expand on Merseyside, in Scotland and in West Wales might seem to justify the government's policy. But these important and welcome developments – on Merseyside where there are 24,000 unemployed, 14,000 new jobs will be created – did not require a new bill, the very title of which predicates a piecemeal approach to the problem rather than a concern about the vigour of regional life. Powerful forces within the Conservative Party hold a *laisser-faire* view on the supply and demand of labour and can see nothing wrong with permitting a monstrous conurbation to grow between London and Birmingham. The imminent closure of collieries in peripheral districts will present a test of the strength of these forces and the government's intentions.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Johannesburg

What Macmillan Really Said

Mr Macmillan's address to the South African parliament seems to have become one of those declarations which achieve importance because of what partisan observers choose to make of it. There was, of course, a first flush of enthusiasm and even of gratitude amongst Africans and Liberals here that a British Prime Minister, and a Tory one at that, should actually have told the nationalists in Cape Town that there were certain aspects of their policy which he and his government could not support. Britain believed in the value and dignity of the individual. And so on, with several phrases which, had they stood alone, might have succeeded in convincing Africans that Britain's Tories meant quite as well by them as Labour ever did. Both Africans, harassed for over three hundred years, and white radicals and Liberals, hammered especially during the past eleven, have understandably become grateful for even the crumbs of outside support. But, with Africa and the world listening, could Macmillan have said less?

His generalities must be seen in the context of a ten-day Union tour, in which his every public appearance had been blatantly used to bolster Nationalist policy at its most criticised points; segregated so-called university colleges for non-whites, stooge Bantu authorities instead of even indirect parliamentary representation for Africans, perpetual impermanence for Africans in the towns, cheap migratory labour on the mines, and a new serfdom for agricultural workers. He met no ANC or other non-white leaders. Little wonder that the Bishop of Johannesburg felt moved to denounce the 'desperate harm' which the visit was doing to anti-racialists in South Africa.

All this, Macmillan has since indicated, has been more than offset by his 'very frank' speech. But what did this speech really amount to?

Stripped of its decorations, his lengthy talk came to this: British capitalism has a very large stake indeed in South Africa's economy. It is true that, in a shrinking world, Britain increasingly finds official support for South Africa's policies an embarrassment in coming to terms with the irrepressible African nationalism to the north. But, as long as British investments are treated with proper respect, and as long as apartheid shows a handsome enough rate of short-term profit, no Tory government would dream of trying to influence white South Africa's 'internal' affairs. What was more, Macmillan would do everything possible to keep a Nationalist republic within the Commonwealth. And those observers who took his speech to mean that Britain would cease voting for the Nationalists at the UN were distressed to find Macmillan, at the following day's press conference, taking refuge in the old references to legal and technical implications of UN resolutions which have served him in the past.

But perhaps the strangest of his many evasive answers to press questions came at the very end. Having, in his speech, clearly subscribed to the illusory separation of political policy from economic power, he was asked whether it would be possible for South Africa to sever her political links with the Commonwealth whilst retaining her economic ties, including Commonwealth preference. After briefly consulting one of his advisers, Mr Macmillan replied: 'I do not know what that question means.' But the previous day Dr Verwoerd had already taken the cue which Macmillan had so clearly given him. We are sadly misunderstood, said Dr Verwoerd in effect, but never mind. You have rightly said that there is one field in which we can cooperate – the economic field. I pledge my government to that co-operation.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Westminster

No Change

Someone, I think it was Mr John Strachey, said in 1951: 'Fifty years of intensive Socialist propaganda and six years of Labour rule have resulted in a decisive shift of power from Eton to Winchester.' He might now add that 50 years of agitation for reform of procedure in the House of Commons have resulted in this week's proposal to reduce the number of questions a member may put down on any one day from three to two.

For months, a select committee has been considering such proposals as morning sittings, the transfer of the Finance Bill's committee stage from the congested floor of the House to some traffic-free room upstairs or for an hour's period in main debates when speeches would be limited to five minutes. But when the dust had settled, if ever it had been raised, after this week's debate on the committee's report, procedure looked pretty much the same. A limitation on questions—yes; and Prime Minister's questions on Tuesdays and Thursdays to be taken earlier . . . but otherwise . . . much as we were. Even a sensible little proposal that private members should have professional help in drafting their bills was, so the Leader of the House said, too difficult to adopt. Give the House of Commons an ell and it will assuredly take an inch. If it had not been for Mr Emanuel Shinwell the debate would have been as flat as yesterday's beer.

Shinwell is always fascinating to watch. He has the balance of a fly-weight boxer. He moves so easily on the balls of his feet, now flicking dexterously at his opponents chin, now rolling gently with the punch, that the 18 inches or so of space between the edge of his own bench and the back of the bench in front seems as broad and as wide as a full size ring. Further he has the controlled, stylised gestures of an operatic tenor, now spreading his arms, open palmed, before him, now whipping them back to shield his breast; and with it all is the silky voice which coos venom and the slow smile which spits. This week he was applying these talents to the two domestic subjects which most divert the House, the privileges of Privy Councillors and the activities of Scottish backbench MPs.

By custom, if a Privy Councillor rises to catch the Speaker's eye, he does catch it, which infuriates the ordinary MP who reckons that he himself has about as much chance of catching the Speaker's eye as I have of catching a through train to Huddersfield. Shinwell pranced around this subject with some glee, first pointing out that he himself was not responsible for the trouble since this was only the second time he had addressed the House since the election, and then ridiculing the idea of any hard and fast rule. What would the rule be – that Privy Councillors should only be allowed to speak once a month or only on every alternate Tuesday or what? Then working around to what he really wanted to say, and switching glee into something more sharply meaningful, he looked down at his own front bench and demanded that any restriction should apply to the, unnamed, Privy Councillors sitting there who were forever bobbing up, in debate and at question time and preventing backbenchers, also unnamed, from getting a word in edgeways. Members with any memory at all laughed heartily at this and Shinwell passed to the subject of questions.

Question time, he said, was becoming silted up by the parish pump – a metaphor which last year's dry summer had made less mixed – and the fault lay mainly with the Scottish members who, it seemed, were forever putting down questions about new gas lamps in Auchtermuchty. He suggested that in future, every Friday, the Scottish members should take themselves off to Edinburgh and there question Scottish ministers to their heart's content, leaving the order paper still freer, no doubt, for questions about hospitals in the north-east – which had taken up much of question time that very day.

This was all good fun and did not disguise a real point – that some members, with their eye on the local paper, persistently place even the most local of questions on the order paper without first seeing what a letter to the minister will do, and that in this way questions of more general interest and importance are crowded off. But no rule of procedure will prevent this; and indeed, by the end of the debate, I was left with a feeling that what was needed was a change, not in the rules of the House, but in the habits of its members, which seems a hopeless objective. For who would dare to say that he could change, for example, the habits of Mannie Shinwell?

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

The Beaver Rakes It In

In Fleet Street as elsewhere nothing succeeds like success. Lord Beaverbrook, who has never been in much doubt as to who and what he was after, had another agreeable present for his 80th birthday – both the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express* have pulled in more and more paying customers; and his *Evening Standard*, although still, like the other two London evening papers, in something of a television decline compared with a year ago, was alone among the three able to stage a partial recovery during the second half of the year. That voice on the telephone can still do its stuff. Among national dailies, the *Express* has left all the others behind with a circulation rise, compared with the same period in the previous year, of 56,000 to a figure of 4,130,000. A lot of people, it is plain, find the picture the *Daily Express* presents of the world highly satisfying. They do not want objectivity, they want excitement. It seems pretty certain also that, in this field at least, the current *Express* policy of giving more prominence to features is bringing results, aided by the brilliant technical use of pictures for which it has now built up an unrivalled network of sources all over the world. The *Mirror*, after dropping in the first half of the year – all those politics? – recovered sharply in the second half, due in part no doubt to its swift decision to cut its political losses and give it them bright and gay with the famous punch held in reserve for very special occasions (like death on the road or the Queen's decision this week to incorporate Mountbatten in the royal family name). It finished the year 17,000 to the good.

At the other end of the circulation scale, the *Guardian*, *The Times* and the *Telegraph* have all moved on. The *Guardian*, with a figure of 190,000, is 13,000 up on its ABC average for the same six months of the previous year and is now, I learn, running ahead of this at between 16,000 and 17,000 higher than a year ago. This is a matter for congratulation all round. *The Times* too has increased by about 6,000 on the year and, if it holds a reasonable proportion of the 30,000-odd new readers said to have been attracted by the Eden memoirs (the net cost to *The Times* was about £30,000, or a £1 a head per new reader), may expect to show a still bigger rise next time. And the *Telegraph* continues to march impressively forward, reaping with a circulation of around 1,300,000 (far and away the largest circulation of any serious newspaper in the English speaking world), a just reward for carrying day by day more news than any other paper in the country.

But the *Herald*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Mail* and (somewhat less regrettably) the *Sketch* are all down on the year, although the *Mail* is understood to be taking an upward turn again. The *Herald*, now down to about 1,467,000, and the *News Chronicle* (1,206,000) both, rather oddly, fell in circulation by about 36,000, compared with the same period a year ago; and although the general election helped the *Herald* to recover a little from the even lower level to which it had fallen by the middle of the year (1,464,000), it does not seem to have done much for the *News Chronicle*. Its average sales were slightly lower for the second half of the year than the first, although the rate of decline was nothing like so sharp. The *Sketch*, once the fastest growing newspaper in the country, lost 50,000 paying readers on the year – although I should judge that, with its present less right-wing policy under a new editor, it may now be picking up some new ones. Certainly it is showing quite a lot of life. On balance, when the plusses and minuses are set against each other, the total combined paying readership of all national dailies seems to have fallen by something over 40,000 a day. Incidentally the *Financial Times* is up by 6,000 a day – no doubt a sign of the times.

Attempts by advertisers to bring direct financial pressure on newspapers are fortunately rare in this country. I have just heard of one case which seems to me all the more shocking because a cooperative society – which surely ought to have some regard for democratic principles – is involved. At the end of September last the *Harlow Gazette* published an interview with the general manager of the Harlow Development Corporation in which he stated that the London Cooperative Society still owed rent on a site it had taken from the Corporation for a multiple store as yet unbuilt. Before publishing the story, which it manifestly could not regard as other than of public interest, the *Harlow Gazette* offered the Society a full opportunity to comment on the Development Corporation's charges and promised to give its comments equal prominence in its report. This the Society refused to do. The *Gazette* therefore published. The London Cooperative Society demanded an apology and, failing to get it, has cancelled all its advertising with the paper. This seems to me a shocking attempt to intimidate a local newspaper which was doing its clear duty. I am glad that the paper has refused to be intimidated, and I only hope that members of the London Cooperative Society will make abundantly clear to the Society's management their strong objection to its methods. This seems to me a clear case for the Press Council.

Francis Williams

Stopping the Trains

As the New Statesman goes to press, final efforts are still being made to avert next Monday's railway strike. If they fail, we face a dislocation of national life which may be graver than any since 1926. And the cause? As far as the general public believes, an utter triviality – an importunate attempt to anticipate a wage-offer which in any case would be made three weeks later, and which will in any case be back-dated. This is of course a one-sided and superficial view: there are far greater failures at the root of the present emergency than the tactical intransigence of Mr Sidney Greene.

The basic issue is the living standard of railwaymen who, as this journal has repeatedly pointed out, have had nowhere near a fair share of post-war prosperity. Since 1951, the Tory government has pursued its own doctrinaire policy for transport with apparently a total disregard for the welfare of the men who operate the railways. The result is an accumulation of resentment and frustration among railway workers which makes constructive negotiation very difficult.

But the government is not alone to blame. The unions and the Labour Party bear a big responsibility. For the workers in this great industry are divided, and that division has led to the idiotic and unnecessary deadlock which is the immediate cause of this week's crisis. In the broadest terms, the railway clerks and the footplatemen – both groups are organised in their own craft unions – seek to widen the pay differentials for technical skill; while the NUR, which is essentially a general workers' union, is primarily interested in getting percentage increases for the lowest paid. This division of interest has led to a long and shabby record of bitterness and squabbling between the three unions concerned and is the direct cause of the present threat. The NUR leaders fear that the Guillebaud Committee will recommend widening the differentials; and that, in implementing that principle, the Transport Commission will be compelled by shortage of cash to make an inadequate offer to the lower-paid grades and so further to depress their situation. The NUR, therefore, is staking everything on trying to get its share of the handout in advance of the recommendations the Guillebaud Committee will make.

The footplate men and the clerks are working in just the opposite direction: they too fear that the Transport Commission will be prevented by shortage of cash from making an adequate all-round settlement and they will not acquiesce in an interim award to the NUR lest the Commission should then be unable to implement the confidently awaited recommendation to widen the differential. In this situation the TUC has proved powerless and the Labour Party voiceless.

The fact is that neither the government nor the unions has any coherent policy on wages. It is the government's fault that the railways, which should be one of our great national assets, are so short of cash that they cannot pay their workers a fair wage; also that nobody has the slightest idea what order of wage increases in the low-productivity 'service industries' the national economy can reasonably stand. With a planned wages policy, the government could use wage awards in the nationalised industries to set the national pattern. In the I'm-Alright-Jack economy which the present government has created, the internecine quarrel on the railways is as logical and as predictable as the operations of take-over bidders, building speculators and commercial television moguls.

It is the unions' fault that great groups of workers remain so ignorant of their wider interests that year after year they sacrifice the unity of their struggle for work and wages to sectional, short-term greed. The difficulties of coordinating policy where there are real conflicts of economic interests, even between different groups of workers in a single industry, are indeed great. But little serious attempt is being made by either the Labour Party or the TUC to force this issue on the consciousness of their members. The consequence of this neglect is tragic. The railwaymen have a movingly urgent case, and the whole working-class movement should be standing with them in their struggle. It is thanks to their short-sightedness that by this time next week Britain may be in a state of emergency, with four-fifths of the nation supporting a Tory government in breaking a strike.

Five Questions For Mr Macmillan

THE Labour Party, echoing liberal opinion everywhere, has expressed approval of Mr Macmillan's Cape Town speech. Indeed, some Labour leaders confess privately that it has rather taken the wind out of Labour's sails, so far as Africa is concerned. Nothing could be further from the truth. On the contrary, the speech conveniently sets the pattern for Labour policy on Africa during the months to come. For Mr Macmillan has involved himself in a strategic difficulty. Having accepted, no doubt with some apprehension, the South African government's invitation to visit the Union, he found himself faced with an unpalatable choice. He had either to say nothing, thus endorsing *apartheid* and offending the great mass of opinion at home, including a large section of his own followers. Or he had to speak out, and commit himself to principles which he would have preferred to leave undefined. The intransigence of Dr Verwoerd, who refused to allow him even token concourse with the African opposition, virtually forced him to choose the second. He is now irrevocably married to certain principles – thus giving Labour the straightforward task of ensuring that they find full expression in concrete acts of government.

What are these principles? They are twofold. First, Macmillan admits that the outcome of the struggle between East and West will depend in large part on our ability to win the friendship of the African nationalists. De-colonialisation – the advancement of the African to full political equality – is thus a political imperative. Secondly, he committed Britain to the creation, in all its territories, of 'a society which respects the rights of individuals [and] in which individual merit and individual merit alone is the criterion for man's advancement, whether political or economic'. De-colonialisation is thus also a moral imperative. Taken in conjunction, these twin principles leave Macmillan little room for manoeuvre. For where African advance is not dictated by apparent expediency, the moral commitment can be invoked; and where the moral principle can be loosely interpreted to delay advance, expediency usually supplies an unanswerable argument.

The Labour Party must therefore get down to the task of cashing the blank cheque which Macmillan has handed them. There are five questions which can be put to the government immediately. First, does Mr Macmillan now intend to withdraw the support Britain has hitherto accorded South Africa at the UN? If he argues that, since the UN Charter forbids interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states, such support does not conflict with his moral principle, Labour can retort unanswerably that, by antagonising the uncommitted nations, it conflicts with his political one.

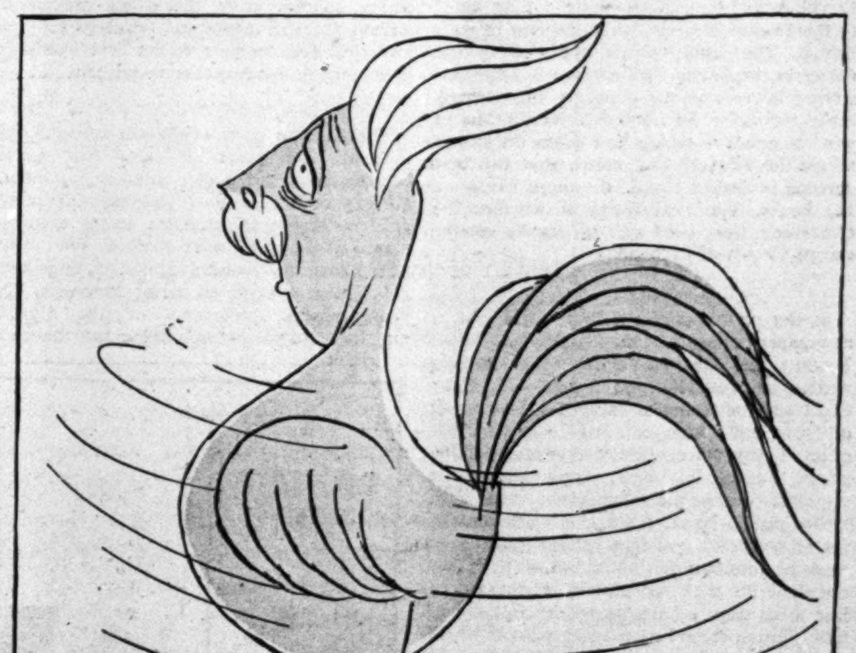
Secondly, Labour should now request the government to cease forthwith from supplying South Africa with armaments – such as Saracen heavy armoured cars – whose confessed purpose is to deal with African insurrection. For, since Macmillan has now stated that South Africa's racial policy is in conflict with our moral principles, it is plainly immoral for his government to supply the means to avert its consequences.

Thirdly, Labour must insist that the new Kenya constitutional proposals enshrine 'individual merit alone' as the 'criterion for political advancement'. Mr Macmillan can well argue, on the basis of this principle, that he is not committed to the immediate award of universal suffrage to the Africans, and that for a time educational and other qualifications must dictate the vote. Perhaps: but in that case, Kenya cannot reasonably or justly be given anything less than the Tanganyika constitution, whose qualification are acceptable to the Tanganyikan leaders, and which, if applied in Kenya, would ensure African rule. The fact that such a constitution is not at once acceptable even to the moderate white settlers is irrelevant. For, though Macmillan can, up to a point, interpret his principle in any way he chooses, he cannot be allowed to apply one interpretation to Tanganyika and another to neighbouring Kenya.

Fourthly, we come to Central Africa. Mr Macmillan admits that 'the growth of national consciousness in Africa is a fact and we must accept it as such'; within the framework of this acceptance, Labour must press for the immediate release of Dr Banda, and the restoration in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland of the elementary political freedoms which express this national consciousness. For Macmillan evidently cannot, on the one hand, accept African nationalism 'as a fact', and maintain emergency legislation which forbids Africans to interpret his words even verbally, let alone in acts.

But the application of the Macmillan principles in Central Africa goes much further. Mr Macmillan had earlier said, in specific terms, that the *status quo* in the Federation must be maintained unless and until African opinion endorses a further move forward [to dominion status]. Sir Roy Welensky evidently believes that the Federation may fail if the *status quo* is maintained; but clearly, if its acceptance by the Africans is to be secured, it can only be expressed through representative institutions in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland which do not yet exist.

Now Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Premier of Southern Rhodesia, has gone a stage further. If, he threatens, internal authority in these territories is handed over to African majorities – the inevitable result of creating representative institutions – then Southern Rhodesia will secede. Hence, even before the Cape Town speech, Macmillan's dilemma in Central Africa was acute: he had either to maintain the *status quo* – unacceptable to Sir Roy – or set in motion the consultative process, as a pre-condition of dominion status, which is unacceptable to Sir Edgar. Now he has, in principle, resolved this dilemma: by accepting 'individual merit alone' as 'the criterion of political advancement', he is morally committed to broadening the suffrage in the two dependent territories. Labour should therefore have no difficulty in forcing him to call Sir Edgar's bluff – if indeed it is a bluff.



Change of Wind

London Diary

HAROLD WILSON is the first front-rank Labour leader to make a forthright and constructive pronouncement in the unnecessary debate on the party's constitution. How right he is that the Trade Union conference will be a shambles if Clause 4, with the implications it has been given of jettisoning public ownership, is still the leaders' obsession! It is far more important to examine the policy of public ownership than to haggle about the imprecise wording of a clause in the constitution. Sanity echoes the plea to 'unite on policy, not to divide on theology'.

* * *

The most amusing sentences to appear in the press this week were in the *Daily Express* of 8 February: 'There is good news today for 4,500,000 Roman Catholics and 400,000 Jews living in Britain. Soon they may be eligible to become editor of the *Observer* newspaper.' This was the climax of an old sparring match in which the *Observer* rebukes the Beaverbrook press for its sins (on this occasion for continuing to plague poor Princess Margaret) and the *Daily Express* retorts that while the *Observer* righteously opposes discrimination, it is governed by a Trust which provides that its trustees and senior executives must be members of the Protestant faith. This time, David Astor, the editor, wrote a long letter to the *Sunday Express*, which refused to publish it. The letter, which appeared in the *Observer*, explained that Astor was now consulting lawyers about changing this 'regrettable' provision. So far the *Express* seems to win on points – which you often do if you adopt the Beaverbrook motto that the best defence is always attack, the more irrelevant the better. The next query is whether the *Observer's* trust deed can be legally altered except by Act of Parliament.

* * *

In the period after the first world war, a newspaper appeared in Cambridge called *Youth*. Its opening article was largely written in capital letters: Youth with Head Erect was marching towards the Dawn full of Hope and Courage. . . Or words to that effect. Today, once again, everyone is talking about Youth, but now, apparently, it is hopeless, degenerate, delinquent and altogether out of hand. After making allowance for all the bunk and fear behind this talk, it must be admitted that education up to 15 has not done the trick we used to expect. In the last three days I have heard descriptions of half a dozen secondary modern schools where adolescent children, herded together in crowded rooms, seem to have modelled themselves on Giles' cartoons. Underpaid, overworked and worn-out teachers declare that they can only just manage the 14-15s, a minority of whom have ceased to be able to profit by class-work, create pandemonium and are quite ready, if any effort at discipline is attempted, to make physical attacks on their masters and mstresses. (Remember that they cannot be expelled even if they are delinquents on probation.) Of course there are excellent secondary moderns where none of these shocking things take place. But the fact is that in many schools some older, less intelligent children already regard their last year as a prison sentence. For them it is worse than useless to raise the school leaving age to 16 – desirable though that is in itself – unless the schools provide the unbookish with a different, mainly technical, education which they can see as a necessary stage to wage earning. More teachers and better buildings will not solve this problem.

* * *

Are the Albemarle Committee's proposals any solution? Judging from Lady Albemarle's wordy efforts to explain them on BBC press conference last week, I should say they were not. After all, as one friend said, the upper classes have always managed to keep their own incipient delinquents at public schools where they worked off their abundant energies in disciplined conditions. Working-class children used to have no money and no chance to make a nuisance of themselves, however frustrated they might feel. Today, with parental and school authority relaxed, they can take it out of their elders to their unhappy hearts content. The Albemarle Committee's suggestions are, on this analysis, only an upper class way of trying to deal from on high with a problem which can't in the nature of things be solved from the top. The hostile phase of youth may last until marriage imposes its new form of restraint. It is agreed that one of the prime causes of the present adolescent revolt is that children, girls especially, are maturing physically earlier. Medical authorities state categorically that girls are now nubile two years earlier than their mothers were. I don't know the explanation of this, but it may be that we have got a wrong conception of the whole process of growth through childhood, adolescence and maturity. Perhaps part of the cure would be to encourage much earlier marriages.

* * *

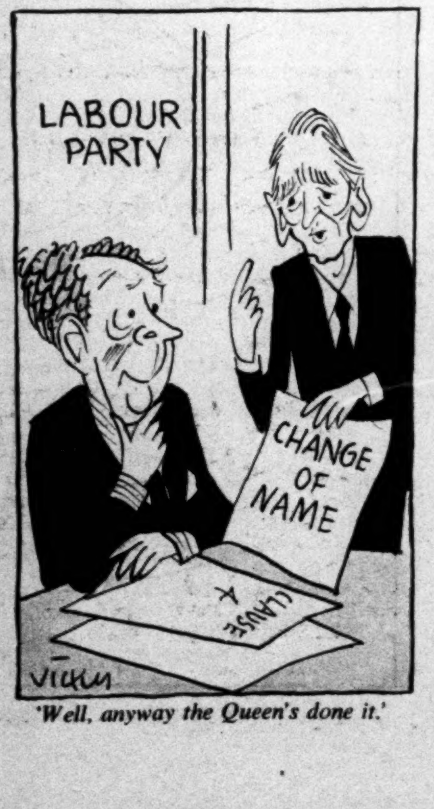
The Russian book exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall makes it clear that Soviet citizens only read books with serious intent; no gay covers or dust jackets with pretty girls or scenes of violence tempt them to regard reading as a mere pastime. The visitor who knows no Russian cannot distinguish a novel from a book on aerial dynamics. The typographical limitations of the Cyrillic alphabet add to the monotony. But the great thing is that the Exhibition should have been put on at all, and that the books, when the Exhibition closes on 19 February, are to go to libraries in this country. I don't think much should be made of the fact that some of the exhibits – translations of such British authors as Chesterton, Conan Doyle, Conrad and Graham Greene – have been withdrawn at the request of the British Council. The Russians are not signatories to the international Copyright Convention. In other words, Russians and British alike are free to 'pirate' each others' books, just as Americans and British used to do. A pity, of course; and it would be all to the good if the Russians came into the Convention. But I'm told that this is unlikely to happen so long as literary traffic is for the most part in the one direction. When we translate as many books from the Russian as the Russians do from English, it will be in the Soviet's interest to join.

* * *

Recently a Canadian reader was roused to ironic fury by *Time* magazine's remarks about America's chances of beating Russia in the race to set up a missile base in the moon from which the earth could be bombarded with H-bombs. He wrote to *Time* asking whether in view of the vast cost of the Russian-American 'mundicide' race, it would not be more economic and efficient for each country simply to let off its own earth based H-bombs? Surely this would be an easier and cheaper way of committing genocide and less liable to make the Martians laugh at us for going to all this trouble'. He received a delightful reply from *Time*, signed by Lolita Brown. I have it in front of me. The editors, she said, were interested in his comments. Well known American military experts were

> considering ultimate possibilities in what they believe to be the desperate race between the Russians and the US. Undoubtedly efforts will continue to produce earth-based missiles that are more effective both as to accuracy and destructive power. The cost of these projects is, as you say, enormous. Thank you for letting us have your opinion about the feasibility of some of the plans.

CRITIC



'Well, anyway the Queen's done it.'

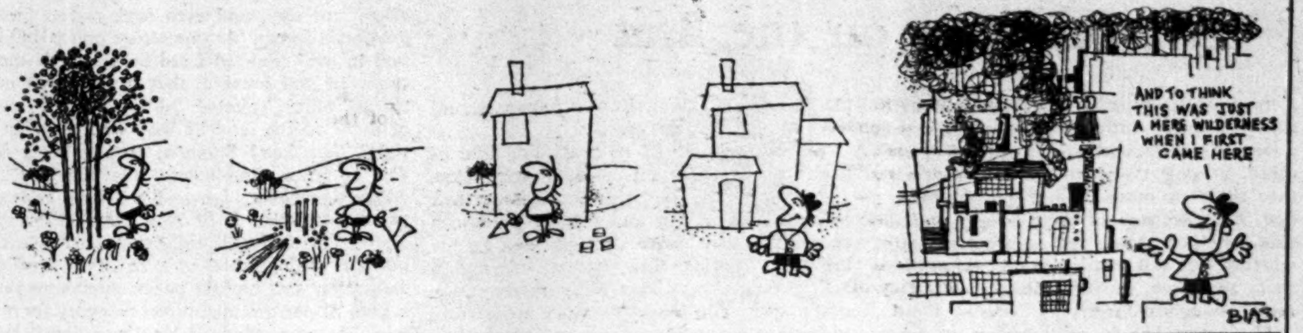
This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr Nielson, of Vauxhall, London, told me: 'If anyone is walking the length of Britain it should be an Englishman, and not a Russian.' – *News Chronicle*. (Austin Underwood.)

After reading all the stories of the inhuman traffic in horses from Ireland to the Continent, I am wondering if horseflesh is the secret of France's famous cuisine! All my dreams of a holiday in France have vanished and I no longer look forward to the marvellous flavour of Continental cooking. – *Sunday Pictorial*. (L. Darby.)

A British Railways punctuality drive, seeking to get trains running strictly to time, has had unforeseen results for railway staffs on some main line stations, where the public are complaining that when trains run to time they are likely to miss them. 'People have come to rely on trains being late,' said a Derby ticket collector today. 'Now many are leaving on time and we get people dashing through the barrier at the last minute and returning to complain that they've missed their train. When we explain politely that the train left on time they become abusive.' – *The Times*. (David Young.)


AND TO THINK THIS WAS JUST A MERE WILDERNESS WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE
BIAS.

Cartoon Competition Result

The results of the NEW STATESMAN *cartoon competition are as follows:*

First prize of £100 *goes to Jerome Gask (Bias) of London SE27, one of whose successful entries is reproduced above.*

★

Second prize of £50 *goes to Roy Dewar (Cicatrix) of London SE29.*

★

Under 21 prize *goes to Michael N. Isaacson of Liverpool (Niky), one of whose successful entries is reproduced below. It has been decided, at the judges' request, to recognise the exceptional merit of his work by increasing this prize to* **£100** *from the £50 originally offered.*

★

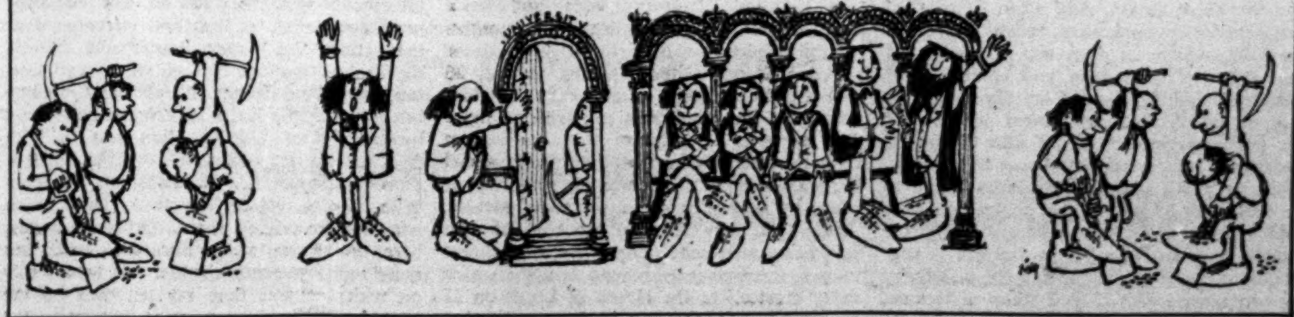
The merit awards of £10 each have been won by:

Cecily A. Ben-Tovim (Cac). *R. Klap (Klap).*
Roger Beck (Bek). *Hugh Burnett (Pix).*
F. E. Williams and Christopher Bradby (Bradec)

* * *

Next week we shall publish a special four-page illustrated supplement in which Malcolm Muggeridge, representing his fellow judges—Osbert Lancaster, Vicky, and the editor of this journal—will write on the art of cartoon-humour, illustrating his points with competition entries and revealing some of the considerations which influenced the judges in their decision. The supplement will also contain specimens of the work of the second prize-winner and all the winners of merit awards, as well as further examples of the work of the prize-winners illustrated here.

Education



Ten Men on the Beat

I HAVE just completed a delicate little kerbside poll on ten uniformed policemen, one at a time of course, and all out of sight of each other. Its object was to find out what view they took on three red-hot current topics: first, the adequacy of their powers and the propriety of their procedure; secondly, whether they felt that the public did not love them any more, and why; thirdly, why there aren't enough of them.

My report has to open with a statement so astonishing that the remainder of it is bound to wilt by comparison. It is that these ten policemen, all strangers to me and chosen only because they were out on duty with apparent time for conversation, were unanimous on all the main points. On 'powers and procedure' they all displayed, and not all reluctantly, the slenderest acquaintance with their common law and statutory powers. 'Haven't really started yet,' they said, or 'Don't want promotion,' or 'Don't think I shall stay in the job'. Proportionately, they had a slaphappy attitude to procedure, a reasonable paraphrase of which would be 'We run them in'. On the question of public esteem they all thought (unprompted) that the only people who had really stopped liking them were newspaper men; ordinary people showed no difference of feeling. And on their fewness, they believed (sombrely) that 'the job' has not only lost the manpower battle to industry but lost it irretrievably; they cannot imagine that any pay awards in the near or distant future will make up the leeway.

And they all feel the lack of a spokesman. 'We've got no one to answer for us,' said the first one, just as a news-van shot past bearing the legend POLICE ON TRIAL. He jerked a thumb at it. 'What do they mean, on trial? Trial for what? Why don't they give it all a rest?' I told him that the series of articles advertised, written by one of his former superintendents, might mollify him greatly if he read them; they demanded that the authorities be much nicer to the police and nastier to criminals, and pleaded for perspective in the 'police news'. But the kind of spokesman longed for by all my informants was suggested to their minds by the representatives of the trade unions who (said one) 'stump the country and go on television and put the case for their men – and who is there to do it for us? No one, and we need it most.'

When I mentioned that Police Federation representatives were now doing it whenever they got an opportunity, and doing it, I should say, rather better than (for example) the NUR have been putting the railwaymen's case with greater opportunities, their answer was that no one wanted to hear the police side anyway. Other jobs got more limelight and attention because they went in for strikes and threats of strikes. And when I remarked that government spokesmen usually supported the police whichever party was in power, and that this was more than you could say of industrial workers, nine of my ten policemen said, in effect, that government support for the police carried no weight with the public because it was as predictable as a juke-box, while the tenth said that the cases falling to be dealt with by government spokesmen were seldom the ones that mattered, citing the Thurso case last year as an example. I suggested to this man that perhaps he was lucky by comparison with United States policemen, who are pilloried and libelled every day of the year in the American newspapers and seem to take little notice.

'Maybe they like it,' he said; 'I'm tired of it all'. He has been a policeman eight years.

Policemen talk like this throughout their service. With strong and usually ambitious exceptions, they hover dyspeptically on the brink of 'putting their papers in', and I believe they always have. Why do they join, nowadays? You have to work your way towards an answer to this by eliminating obvious reasons which, in fact, no longer hold good. It's not because they seek security, the quest that once brought in the great majority; there is equal and state-subsidised security in a wide variety of jobs. 'And this is a very easy job to lose,' said one of my panel, 'either through illness or by getting into trouble. What trouble? Why, disciplinary trouble. Take the time I got reported for falling asleep on duty one night. I'm not denying I was asleep. I'd been up all day for a cup-tie, well, you've got to make some sort of a life, haven't you? But that got me a black mark that put paid to me in this job. Studying for exams is a waste of good time after that. And my face didn't fit anyway.'

I don't believe that his black mark would have put paid to him, by itself, but the conviction that 'my face doesn't fit' is an occupational disease among policemen. The belief is probably well-founded in a minority of cases, for it always is in every public service; but it serves more often as a bitter salve to the wounded self-esteem of that large majority who cannot, as a simple matter of proportion, be promoted.

Is it the pension that entices them in? Again, unanimous denial. At the age of 19 or 20, few of them give much thought to pension prospects, and those few are aware that, apart from state provision, more and more jobs are now pensionable. (Policemen think they are heavily mulcted for their pensions by the deduction of 10 per cent from their weekly pay, though it supplies but a fraction of the money paid out.) Nor is it the free medical attention that was once rather gloomily prized as an emolument, for the National Health Service embraces everyone. Above all, it is not (any longer) the notion that the police service is a highly esteemed limb of the establishment, enjoying the respect of all law-abiding people.

These eliminations brought me to the discovery that young men are attracted to the service, whatever happens later to their hopes, by the (diminishing) belief that it is a man's job, by its offer, usually contemplated during the summer months, of an open air life at an age when people like open air lives, by a prospect of prolonged excitement that amounts almost to an inherent confidence trick, by a love of uniform which not even a police helmet can quench in the first months, by the expectation of being able to order someone around without having to wait 20 years for the authority to do it, by a confident belief that the authorities can take no more than a week to perceive that the newest arrival must go straight into the Special Branch, and (in an interesting minority of cases) by a genuine desire for social service.

What did they think of the kind of men now being recruited? (They were all, I forgot to say, themselves men with less than nine years' service.) In the House of Lords on 27 January, Lord Stonham said that the London police now accepted men who, they believed, would not stay, and even took rejects from provincial forces. 'As one senior police officer said to me,' reported Lord Stonham, 'if they can read and breathe, they are in.' All my ten policemen rejected this indignantly, one of them adding (and he may well have been right) that Lord Stonham wouldn't get in. The entrance examination, the standard of which was never high and has been relaxed to an extent that Lord Stonham calls 'scraping the barrel', is still well below 11-plus level, but it is distinguished by a wall-eyed view of 'education' that has put police candidates into a kind of performing animal category for the past 50 years. Many a don would fail this examination, either on spelling, a peculiarly fatuous concept of 'general knowledge', or something that is called geography and requires a knowledge of how to go from Runcorn to Kirkcudbright in the smallest number of trains. Many young men 'pass' who, a few years ago, would never have dared to apply, and are hauled in before they fully realise what they have done.

Most of my informants live in two-down-and-three-up semi-detached villas in London suburbs, which they would like to buy through building societies but dare not start for fear of sudden transfer to some other division. This fear seems less potent than it was, for the authorities, despite their greater difficulties in allotting man-power, have lately been much more considerate. (Transfer for any reason other than promotion is still regarded not merely as a punishment, but as about the worst punishment short of dismissal.) Yet they were far from unanimous about the inconvenience of round-the-clock hours of duty. They work, as a rule, from 6 am to 2 pm, 2 pm to 10 pm, and 10 pm to 6 am. For many of them this means getting up at 4.15 am for 'early turn' – you simply *cannot* be late for police parade – and therefore going to bed at 9 pm, when TV is in full cry, or being a very tired policeman. Similarly night duty means trying to sleep by day in the mounting din of modern town life and often leaving home before 9 pm.

'Late turn' (2 pm to 10 pm) entails watching everyone hurrying home at a time when you have another four or five hours to do. Late turn on Christmas Day is, for a man with children at home, quite an experience. And yet seven of my ten informants found compensations in their hours of duty (and their mid-week leaves) that constituted 'the job's' sole attraction: you are off duty, they said, at times when you can get easily into places of amusement, buy in uncrowded shops, watch a test match, enjoy a quiet swim. The one thing they all found it difficult to do when everyone else was at work was to read a book, winter or summer.

I used to know something about what policemen liked reading: I have run libraries for them and bought the books. Westerns came an easy first, and to judge from my informants' taste, they still do. The 'romantic novel' was next, as lush and stereotyped as they come, the readers contentedly sharing the books demanded by their wives; and here, too, there is no change. War books still come fairly low in the list, biography and memoirs nowhere. Real discrimination sets in with detective stories: writers like Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, E. R. Punshon, Freeman Wills Crofts, Ngaio Marsh –. 'They know what they're talking about'. Others, nameless here, are thrown at the librarian's head. But there is a significant change, and here I rely on wider sources than my ten men on the beat, in the music they want as represented

YOU

MR. POLICYHOLDER

have a stake in British industry

You worry much less since you took out your life assurance policy. As far as you can, you've seen to it that your family is protected. It's good to know that you're managing to put some money by regularly—and that there'll be a nice bit of capital waiting for you when you retire.

But have you ever thought what happens to the money you put into Life Assurance? It doesn't stay locked in a vault. It is invested and helps to provide finance for all kinds of British industries. This means that everyone who holds a policy has a stake in many businesses and is contributing to Britain's industrial expansion. What's more, on with-profit policies 90 per cent or more of the profits are returned to policyholders in the form of bonuses.

Through LIFE ASSURANCE

a better life for you and for everyone

Issued by The Life Offices' Association, London, and Associated Scottish Life Offices, Edinburgh

by the gramophone records they buy. Cheaper LP records have brought Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart and Vaughan Williams into more police houses than were open to them 20 years ago: the piano concerto is still top favourite – two of my informants spoke of 'gaps in their collections'. And they still stop a long way from Schoenberg, though the distance is not what it was.

Finally, I wanted to know what the discipline was like, in view of a general impression that the difficulty of keeping young men in 'the job' has led to undesirable relaxations. There seems little evidence of this. In the House of Lords debate the other day, several peers based their uneasy observations on the fact that the majority of policemen today are very young men. I think this has been the general position for about 40 years, the main difference being that they used to wear moustaches and get fat more quickly. The force has been rejuvenated (not always an improvement) after a number of wars and other crises. And each time, the solid cadre of seniors has tended to make it hot for the new arrivals. This is not now happening, but the discipline is human rather than 'slack'.

My ten beatsmen were firm in their belief that the current regime cracks down heavily on any important kind of corruption and on any sort of dishonesty; but heel-clicking and petty restriction have gone, and it would take a major industrial slump to reproduce the conditions of 30 years ago, when every force had a long waiting list of candidates and chief constables were able to ordain that their men, when off duty, were not only to wear bowler hats, permanent turn-ups, and 'quiet ties', but to keep out of pubs and walk on the kerb side of the pavement when out with their wives.

C. H. Rolph

OLIVIA
MANNING

"Each one of (her) books is better than the last" MAURICE RICHARDSON, *New Statesman.*

"(She) is brilliantly in control of her large and varied collection of characters" *Times Literary Supplement*

"(She) has created a special gallery of eccentrics, led by Prince Yakimov . . . a comic character – not caricature – in the grand manner" JOHN DAVENPORT, *Observer*

The Great
Fortune

"is a balanced, subtle, witty and humane work of art . . . wonderfully entertaining" JOHN DAVENPORT, *Observer*

"Superb entertainment at a serious level. Miss Manning's powers are increasing with every book she writes. Not to read her is an absurdity." JOHN METCALFE, *Sunday Times.*

HEINEMANN

Uplift For Sale

The illimitable capacity for self-deception of most human beings seems to have found new ground in the number of new magazines which are about equally divided between astrology and spiritualism on the one hand, and inspirational psychology on the other. They are devoted entirely to the sale of popular uplift, and to the regulation of lives according to a 'system': in the spiritualist magazines in particular, witchcraft has been revived and made commercial – without any risk of a witch-hunt.

The latter, of which there are three on the market, make an exclusive study of what a particular kind of person likes to call 'the occult', and feature articles embracing any topic that might remotely be considered to come under that heading. All of them, however, rely on astrology for half of their contents; and all favour the sprinkling of their pages with aphorisms from spiritual authorities, like this one of Blavatsky's: 'As above, so it is below. That which has been, will return again. As in Heaven, so in Earth'. These publications take themselves very seriously. It is not merely that they normally purvey spiritualism for the advancement of the individual; each of them has also its page or two of comment on the world situation, as it appears in the light of psychic perception.

The writers of these editorials base their hopes for the future of the universe squarely on flying saucers. One, in an angry discussion of the prevalent 'ridicule of things unseen', complains bitterly of the 'world-wide conspiracy in operation throughout this planet which has succeeded in suppressing *almost all* knowledge of, and discussion of the space-craft known to terrestials [sic] as "Flying Saucers".' Another informs us that Venus is inhabited by beings 'of an almost ethereal structure' who are the main occupants of the saucers, which are also of an ethereal structure. These people, apparently, are alarmed at our progress in atomic physics, since, if we should ever blow the earth off its axis, this would affect other planets in the system – hence their anxiety and their constant hovering around.

The two 'psychology' magazines might have been expected to take up a line almost diametrically opposite to all this – to assert the triumph of science over superstition. In fact, their general trend resembles very closely that of the spiritualist magazines. They, too, are devoted to uplift, and they go much further in the belief that there must be a *technique* for living, some trick that will make everything easy if only it can be learned. Again the two publications seem to duplicate each other. One might be, perhaps, a little more slickly professional: the other seems to operate at a slightly lower grade of intelligence, and to be a little more practical in its approach – how to speak correctly, how to study, how to write good letters, are examples of its particular brand of homely uplift. But both are devoted to the cult of the Answer. Like the spiritualist publications, they exist to explain away or obscure altogether human inadequacy or unhappiness: they offer a blueprint for existence. They tell us How We Can Make The Most Of Our Personalities, How To Gain Self-Confidence, How To Become Popular. They give the familiar assurance that neurosis is a sign of superiority. 'We must believe in the goodness of the universe', they advise us earnestly. 'To count your blessings', they say wisely, 'is a trick very well worth learning if you want to make the most of your life'. They are a fair example of what dubious flora spring up when Samuel Smiles is cross-pollinated with Freud.

The readers, whoever they may be, evidently swallow all this whole. They engage in letter-writing competitions – 'How I Achieved More Power', for instance – and write grateful letters acknowledging efficacious advice: 'I have also found deliberate relaxation invaluable, going to bed early and getting adequate rest in the form of sleep'. A device used to further the illusion of authority is the habit of appending 'BA' or some such letters to the names of authors. The spiritualist magazines, on the other hand, prefer retired lieutenant-colonels or rear-admirals to sign their letters.

But it is the advertising which gives the whole game away – and which also, curiously enough, establishes a firm link between the two approaches to the gullible. The psychology magazines run the same predictable advertisements which we have been seeing for 20 years or more – the injunctions to Be A Master Of English, to Write For Profit, to Reach The Heights Of Ambition. These are harmless enough. It is the supplementary and apparently almost irrelevant advertising that lifts the screen to show the naked appeal to the ugly, the ineffectual, and the miserable. 'Reduce Your Weight', the captions say; and they proffer tablets and capsules for Restoring Lost Vitality, while advising on the technique of banishing inferiority complex or on getting back the Joy Of Living. Whether the successes for which all the readers are assumed to be in hunger depend on 'your glands' or on your facility as a public speaker, the remedy is to be had here.

Even these, however, are nothing to the offers of the spiritualist magazines. The advertisements in these fill something like 20 or 30 of their 80-odd pages. It is here that the sincerity of the periodicals breaks down. The contributors are obviously sincere enough, no matter how inane they may be, but it is hard to ascribe to many of the advertisers anything but cynical exploitation of human vapidity. Their theme, as in the psychology magazines, is the short-cut to competence and success. Only the method is different; the spiritualist experts favour the appeal to what, among other things, they refer to as clairvoyant powers.

Among many offers of uplift, there are two or three characteristic kinds. The more unsophisticated offer merely a charm whose efficacy is guaranteed. Others, and these are the most characteristic, purvey 'readings', advice, information, 'which only a conception horoscope can give'. 'Send Us Your Problem', they suggest cordially; 'advice' on it is retailed at anything from one to five guineas, and is assumed to enable the buyer to change his life, put himself right with fate. At the same time the advertisers cater for all those who prefer to do it themselves. They offer all the paraphernalia of the psychic, crystal balls, planchettes, tarot cards, and Aura Goggles for Seeing the Aura – face-fitting, 'with pinacyanole complementary colour filters, that leave your hands free'. Finally, but most important, there are the correspondence courses. The advertisements for these are sponsored by a large number of bodies whose titles compete in obscurity. Dynamic Thought, Unique Mastery, Instant Mediumship is the reward they offer. This sort of goal is to be achieved, usually, by 'natural forces', which apparently circle the universe waiting for just this consummation of their existence – 'certain harmonic vibrations, ethereal energies, and vitalising powers . . . principles of a serious and important nature'. Send *immediately* is the burden of the refrain; send immediately for this great opportunity; sixpence in stamps will change your life.

But once more, and in a certain minority of the advertisements, the curtain of commercialised religion or superstition is lifted to reveal the direct appeal to what they themselves call 'the frustrated, muddled, or dissatisfied'. The appeal is conveyed in promises to remove fat or facial hair, to teach Nature's Way To Health, or to provide Tonics for restoring Lost Vitality. More openly, the theme is pursued in offers to Banish Loneliness Forever, guaranteeing introductions, 'Happiness For You', 'A Passport To Romance'. It is in these that we recognise again the core of the market, the vast population of 'the lonelies' – the people who get left out of things.

These advertisements, and any efficacy in the wares they sell, are obviously based on the very real power of auto-suggestion: the assertions and promises are believed because the reader wants to believe in them, even if his scepticism prevents him. The real question is, who precisely is the reader? A market big enough to hold three exactly similar magazines, as there are in the spiritualist field, must contain a good many clients. They presumably do not come exclusively from a working class which, on the whole, is inordinately suspicious of pretension of any kind, even when pretension might seem to be justified. The regular customers of uplift will be, almost certainly, the great population of semi-neurotics who inhabit every social stratum in Britain.

The advertisements classify them, with their basic incomprehension about how to approach life, their conviction that something is wrong with their aitches or their 'attitudes', forever moved to tinker with the way they think and feel, grasping hopefully at pen-friendships, hormone pills, false busts, and breathing-exercises.

Perhaps the most curious factor in the whole business is the burden of responsibility which must be carried by psychology for these latest manifestations of human unreasonableness. For popular witchcraft and inspirational psychology alike seem to be dominated by a belief in the primacy of the will – the notion which is somehow one of the few confused impressions about psychology to have percolated to the general public, that sheer will-power, if it is harnessed in the right way, and irrespective of merit or ability, will do anything. The spiritualists would call it something like thought-energy or clairvoyant power; their assumptions about its efficacy would be the same. Psycho-analysis itself, in the papers of Ernest Jones, comments on 'this curious belief in the power of thought and wishes'; and Jones links it with obsessional neurosis, in the symptom known as belief in the omnipotence of thought. This, he suggests, is doubtless the key to the understanding of magic, the belief in the magical power of words, and so on. It is disconcerting to see a neurosis begin to assume the proportions of a popular religion. It is even more disconcerting to see psychological techniques and weaknesses called in to establish and buttress its position.

DAVID CARMICHAEL

via HARWICH–HOOK OF HOLLAND

SWITZERLAND

DAY OR NIGHT

BY DAY a pleasant sea crossing with connecting Sleeping Car Train (A new vessel, the *Koningin Wilhelmina*, will come into service in February)

BY NIGHT a comfortable berth and a picturesque daylight journey through the Rhine Valley by the Rhinegold or Loreley Express

a.m.	p.m.				a.m.	p.m.
9.40	8.0	dep.	LONDON Liverpool Street	arr.	9.14	7.47
a.m.	p.m.				p.m.	p.m.
6.22	3.43	arr.	BALE (The Gateway to Switzerland)	dep.	2.34	10.50

Full information and details of revised times after April 9 from stations and principal ticket agencies

ZEELAND – Day route
BRITISH RAILWAYS – Night route

THE ROUTE FOR THE DISCERNING TRAVELLER

28th February — 8th March 1960

LEIPZIG FAIR

in the German Democratic Republic

THE LEADING CENTRE OF EAST-WEST TRADE

"All this is New in Capital Equipment and Consumer Goods from 50 Countries"

See the products of 9,500 exhibitors covering over 3,000,000 sq. ft! Visit the many National Displays—including the fine new British Pavilion!

Details of air and rail services from leading Travel Agents. Special flights by KLM and SABENA, through bookings by LOT Polish Airlines. Contact Bureau in Leipzig helps fix appointments. Full information from Dept. W.9,

LEIPZIG FAIR AGENCY
39 ST. JAMES'S PLACE · LONDON SW1

Why not a Banking Account?

An account with the C.W.S Bank can be the answer to many of your money problems, since the services provided are all designed to save time, trouble, and worry. The terms are very reasonable, with an interest allowance on current account credit balances, and for personal accounts a commission charge of about 2d. an entry.

If you would like full particulars please complete and forward the coupon below.

C.W.S BANK, P.O. Box 101, Manchester 4

Please send me your illustrated folder with terms of accounts, etc.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....

London Office : 99 LEMAN STREET, E.1.
Sub-Offices : KINGSWAY and WESTMINSTER
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

The Arts and Entertainment

The Soap-Swallowers

It is a familiar scene, now, on the British domestic screen. In circumstances of extreme luxury and elegance a woman, already strikingly beautiful, is receiving what must clearly be an expensive beauty treatment, administered by female and male acolytes totally devoted to her service; the camera lingers for a sensuous moment on a dapper young man who sprays a mist of scent over her . . . A voice, silky-syrupy, insistent, coos 'If only *you* were rich, Madam . . .' Then, stirred to near-virility by the wonder of the message, 'But now, every day, you can have *the same* beauty treatment . . .' How? By using the soap called Cadum ('Cadum for Madam'); for it is 'more than a soap – a beauty treatment'.

A glossy blue-and-cream-covered booklet, called *Principles for Television Advertising*, is distributed by the Independent Television Authority to advertisers and agencies. The first sentence of its preamble is: 'The general principle which will govern all television advertising is that it should be legal, clean, honest, and truthful'; and the rest of the booklet consists largely of variations on this impeccable theme – *e.g.* 'Statistics of limited validity should not be presented in such a way as to make it appear that they are universally true', and 'No method of advertising may be employed which takes advantage of the natural credulity and sense of loyalty of children'; and there is a ban on phrases ('Never known to fail' is one example quoted) 'which may imply that the product . . . advertised can be effective in inducing miscarriage'.

Advertisers are fathers and citizens, too, and it would be uncharitable to assume that they are not made as uneasy as anyone else by gaps or incongruities between public ideal and actual practice, if these become too glaring; or that they do not try to live up to the principles set forth in the ITA's nervous prose.

Nevertheless, a necessary corollary of commercial television has been the erection of a quite elaborate bureaucracy for the checking and control of the commercials which provide the programme-companies' vast revenues.

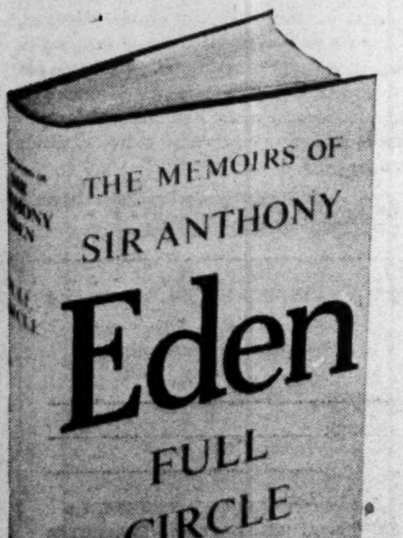
There is the Advertising Advisory Committee, mandatory under the Television Act, which 'lays down principles'. There is a Standing Joint Consultative Committee of the ITA and the companies ('at managing director level'), which formulates the main policies derived from these principles. This committee has an Advertising Sub-Committee, chaired by the Deputy Director-General of ITA and consisting mainly of the companies' sales directors, and this sub-committee works out the detailed practice – deciding, for instance, that a patent-medicine commercial will not infringe the code of principles (which disallow 'visual presentations which give the impression of professional advice or recommendation') if it shows a man in a white coat who looks like a laboratory assistant rather than a doctor, and if at some point in the commercial, by means of a word or two in the script or a real symbol or brand-name on the pocket of the white coat, it is indicated that he is not an independent laboratory assistant but is employed by the firm manufacturing the product advertised.

It will be seen that, in such a case as this, a high degree of sophistication and the most alert vigilance are required of viewers, if they are not to fall into the error of thinking that a product has some sort of professional commendation – particularly since the ban is a visual one only and they may, and do often, *hear* such phrases as 'doctors recommend' and 'hospital-tested'. The ability to draw such distinctions is no doubt part of the evolution of an educated democracy. In any case, even aural persuasion passes through several filters: the programme-companies themselves retain consultants to verify the literal accuracy of patent-medicine claims; suggestions rather than factual statements are hardly susceptible of scientific verification. Nor may the word 'hospital-tested' be lightly used: an indigestion remedy *was* given a long test in the pre-natal ward of a hospital (with or without the consent of the patients); and another product was not allowed to use the word because it was found, on enquiry, that the testing had merely been to determine whether or not it was poisonous! There has been trouble about toothpaste. In a newspaper advertisement you may read that 'the tongue test proves that Maclean-white teeth are *healthy* teeth'; in an ITV commercial the word 'proves' would not be allowed here. 'Never before', say the custodians, 'have advertisements been subjected to such deep analysis'.

It may be surmised that those engaged in these beneficent activities must often find themselves involved in discussions and judgments as subtle as the disputations of medieval theologians. Is it fair to claim that BP Energol motor oil 'reduces engine-wear by exactly 80%' when it has been checked that it reduces *piston-ring* wear but the effect on cylinder-walls has only been assumed? Are chocolate-centres 'less fattening' merely because there is less solid matter in them, or because of some property in the solid?

Since gnats of such refinements are strained at, it may be wondered how the wild claims of, say, Cadum can be swallowed; for the statements about this doubtless efficient soap already quoted are at first sight, taken literally – to put it bluntly – incredible. So is the even more ingratiating slogan of its chief rival: 'You'll be a little lovelier each day with fabulous pink Camay.' It might, indeed, be argued that a woman who washes daily at all is 'a little lovelier', whatever 'lovely' means, than a woman who doesn't; but in fact a somewhat different kind of judgment is applied to the cosmetics – soap, shampoos, lipstick, etc. – which form so lucrative a part of the totality of TV commercials. Those responsible feel that this is 'a dream world', a world of fantasy in which women like to wallow and, when doing so, come to little or no harm. The same leniency is not, as might be thought by any sceptic who had seen them, extended to that other great group of woman-aimed commercials – the washing-powder ads. These, believe it or not, 'have to be true.'

'Truth' in this context is, again, literal. One product washes 'shining, *shining* white,' and such a claim is considered true because the product does contain a thing called optical



The most important political & diplomatic memoirs of our time
& 1960's most controversial book
will be published world wide at 35s
on **February 29** by
CASSELL
Order it **NOW** from your bookseller

white, which imparts a certain incandescence. In any case, superlatives are sometimes less misleading than comparatives: advertisers have a maddening trick of using the comparative *in vacuo* – something washes clothes 'cleaner' . . . but cleaner than what? Than other products wash clothes? Or merely cleaner than they were before being washed? The authorities concede that 'it would be desirable to educate detergent manufacturers in a more careful use of comparatives and superlatives'.

Day-to-day control and acceptance of commercials is exercised by the companies themselves, who have a joint 'script and copy acceptance department'. Some programme-companies are fussier than others, and reject advertisements of lavatory paper, which cannot, consequently, be networked. Some advertisements are 'clean', but are for an 'unsuitable' product: it is known in Fleet Street that the *News of the World* was unable to advertise the Diana Dors memoirs on ITV. Some actors appear in commercials as well as in programmes – the most celebrated probably being the plump actor who impersonates Friar Tuck in *Robin Hood* and proclaims, juicily, that Wall's sausages are 'a feast'. He is not to appear in a commercial in his Friar Tuck costume on the same day on which *Robin Hood* is broadcast, or in ordinary clothes within half-an-hour of *Robin Hood*.

The standard of TV commercials is higher than it was a year or two ago, and breaches of the letter, and perhaps the spirit, of the Act and the code are fewer. It seems reasonable to associate this improvement with the criticisms of Mr Mayhew, Mr Chapman, Mr Francis Noel-Baker and others, and the formation of the Advertising Inquiry Committee. The setting up of this committee coincided closely with the appointment of a new senior executive at ITA whose special job is the supervision of commercials. He is the key man in the bureaucratic apparatus already described, since he acts as secretary of the Advertising Advisory Committee and is a member of the Advertising Sub-Committee.

He is a quiet, affable Scot named Archie Graham, and he knew the business thoroughly before taking this job – for he was, until he resigned nine months ago, a Civil Servant in the GPO, and, as such, 'nursed' the PMG and the Assistant PMG through the long legislative duel of the Television Act. (As an old Post Office man, what troubled him most about one of those luxury-soap ads was that the lady in the bath was using a telephone whose flex was dangling in the water.) He is in charge of the vetting of 7,000 scripts a year, and may, at a later stage, have to decide to kill a commercial that has cost £5,000 to produce. Every Monday, from 10 to 10.30 a.m., he sees the newly made commercials. What most viewers don't know is that they can see them, too: they are broadcast on the ITA network, unannounced, for the benefit of the trade.

Within his terms of reference, Mr Graham is clearly doing an honest job, and doing it scrupulously. Others will still feel a basic doubt about the nature of the job. My comparison with the medieval theologians was, perhaps, invalid. Theirs at least was a more positive task, for they were, often erroneously and imperfectly, seeking to establish truth, to the greater glory of God: the concern of the ITA watchdogs is with advertisers who are trying to get away with lies, plausible half-truths, and misleading statements of fact, to the greater glory of Mammon and for the enrichment of their clients and masters.

TOM DRIBERG

Bovary in Kilburn

JOHN MORTIMER'S *The Wrong Side of the Park* (Cambridge) is a curious and excellent play. Its curiosity, in fact, is double. First, it is original, which makes it something of a phoenix on the contemporary stage. Second, it is original despite Mr Mortimer's use of most of the conventional properties of modern drama. The setting is a drab house somewhere in the waste land between Swiss Cottage and Kilburn, as seedy and collapsing as any realist could ask. In it lives Margaret Leighton, an anglicized Blanche Dubois, who drags out, on the edge of hysteria, her endless fantasies about a romantic first marriage. Her husband, Richard Johnson, is a dull dog who is being worked into the ground by the Civil Service. His parents, Charles Heslop and Joyce Carey, hang around the house interfering. Her sister, Wendy Craig, slouches up from the basement every now and then with her illegitimate baby. Finally, there is a bright and nasty young man on the make, Robert Stephens, who moves into the spare room at the start, out again at the end, and in between brings on a hysterical crisis in the wife by being too like her late, first husband.

In outline, the play sounds a perfectly stock example of the neurotic, white-collar school of drama. But it isn't, for Mr Mortimer is both a wit and a serious imaginative writer. As a wit he manages to recreate the stock characters from the ground up. Only the mother-in-law gets obvious lines and obvious attitudes, which even Joyce Carey's smug, pernickety disapproval could not pull out from under the shadow of all the music-hall mothers-in-law who have ever been. But the rest, father-in-law, sister and lodger, are genuine stage creations. Each in some degree is odd – eccentric is too strong a word – and each is extraordinarily verbal about his oddity. The father-in-law lives sardonically from one Public Library shelf to the next, detailing his discoveries compulsively like some aged, cynical Colin Wilson. The lodger, when not scheming, dreams of success in the high-life world of the glossy ads, all fast cars, champagne and oysters, 'where the head-waiters bow like swans'; Robert Stephens played the part for all the mannerisms it was worth, like some high-pressure Public School salesman; it was gratingly affected but correct. Wendy Craig gave a beautifully timed performance in a different style as the sister whose whole ability to keep going is based on a kind of willed emptiness. She wore her ignorance like a jewel, facing with resigned horror the prospect of wealth in Kensington with her now successful seducer. Each of them lives exclusively in a verbal realm of his own; they never talk, they merely abut on to the others' private worlds with marvellously funny inconsequentiality.

But just as this witty oddity is based on a hard core of observation, so it also counterbalances a much more serious theme. Essentially, *The Wrong Side of the Park* is a play about marriage, about what happens when romantic love inevitably gives way to the boredom, fatigue and sheer, brutal routine of living together. Margaret Leighton's portrayal of the latter-day Emma Bovary is acting of a higher, more brilliant order than anything at present on the London stage, Flora Robson's excepted. She blossoms for the lodger with a ghastly, faded coquetry, or stiffens blindly against her husband, or bangs back her ironies with the rest.

CAEDMON
world-renowned records of the spoken word

CAEDMON

T. S. ELIOT reading his own works
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock. Portrait of a Lady. Preludes. Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service. Ash Wednesday. A Song for Simeon. Marina. Triumphal March from Coriolan. O Light Invisible from The Rock. Chorus from Murder in the Cathedral. Chorus from The Family Reunion.
TC 1045

JOYCE: ULYSSES
Siobhan McKenna and **E. G. Marshall** give lyrical and beautifully characterised readings of the Molly Bloom and Leopold Bloom soliloquies.
TC 1063

THE POETRY OF COLERIDGE
Sir Ralph Richardson reads in its entirety The Ancient Mariner, together with Dejection, An Ode. The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan. This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison. Frost At Midnight.
TC 1092

SHAW
The Apple Cart—Interlude.
COWARD
Poems
Noel Coward and **Margaret Leighton** perform the hilarious Interlude between King Magnus and his mistress, and combine their talents for a rendering of Noel Coward's own sophisticated verses: The Boy Actor; Nothing is Lost; Honeymoon; Mrs. Mallory; A Question of Values; Do I Believe?; Letter from the Seaside, 1880; 1901; A Lady at a Party.
TC 1094

PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY
Claire Bloom, Eric Portman and **John Neville** read a generous selection from this famed anthology of English lyric poetry, including The Passionate Shepherd. It Was A Lover And His Lass. Go And Catch A Falling Star. Song For Saint Cecilia's Day. To Althea From Prison. On A Favourite Cat. Highland Mary. She Walks In Beauty. La Belle Dame Sans Merci. To A Skylark. London, 1802. Kubla Khan. Tears, Idle Tears. Dover Beach. And many others.
TC 0998
TC 0999

FREE
Send today for 16-page Catalogue containing full details of all Caedmon records.
(Dept. NS5) Stanhope House
Stanhope Place, London, W.2

A PRODUCT OF PHILIPS RECORDS LTD

In every gesture shudders the suspicion of hysteria, as though she were silently screaming. But instead of creating a certain monotony of pitch, as sometimes happens with Miss Leighton, the nerves merely add an extra sharpness over the whole wide range of emotions she commands. Between them, her skill and Mr Mortimer's writing transform the tired old theme of urban inertia and neurosis into art of great urgency.

Richard Johnson is equally fine as a man railroaded into dullness in order to assuage his wife's horror of having driven her first husband to his death. It is a difficult part, for the whole of his personality – his liveliness, his competence, even his gentleness – has to be implied behind a mask of unchanging Civil Service gloom. Yet Mr Johnson managed this delicate double-take without succumbing either to martyrdom or to the dullness he simulated. Only at the very end was there a touch of the *Woman's Own* hero about his forebearing manliness. Otherwise he was faultless. Peter Hall's direction was authoritative, lively and not at all tricksy-tricksy. Tanya Moiseiwitsch's set got the better part of a two-storey house on stage and a fair slice of street without appearing to constrict anyone.

At the start of *The More the Merrier* (Strand) the author, Ronald Millar, makes a brave attempt to spike everyone's guns by parodying the set, the actors and the plot. He needn't have bothered; they parody themselves. Poor Miss Anna Neagle, as a famous actress on the brink of divorce, is forced by her role to give one and a half performances for the price of one, and Gordon Tanner has to caricature one of those brash Americans who inhabit the stage but not the States.

A. Alvarez

In The Bookshops Now

A novel of Greece

My Brother Michael

MARY STEWART

"Mrs Stewart sets her scene well. This novel has pace and intense excitement . . . This author is galloping on in the best-seller stakes." GEORGE MILLAR, *Daily Express.*

"Step by step and with infinite care Mrs Stewart builds up her scene, keeping alive the quiet suspense with masterly precision until the nerves jangle, saving her one explosive piece of action for the climax. This is far and away her best book, a superbly written and exciting story." *Books and Bookmen.*

15s net

Hodder & Stoughton

No Time for Thrushes

While the readers of *The Times* and the *Guardian* finish discussing whether girls would prefer to be illiterate, let me, from the slightly eccentric vantage-point of this column, draw attention to a real, rather than a hypothetical change in the status of women: the eclipse of the girl singer. No development in the popular arts could be more surprising to the older generations, except the eclipse of the show-girl, which is highly improbable given the rate of expansion of the West End strip joints. (Nine are at present advertising regularly, not counting the many clubs relying on word-of-mouth publicity and just a girl or two.) The singing girl is as old as show-biz, and indeed older. Except in grand opera, which has produced some of the ripest specimens of the genus, her art has generally been rated a very poor third to her looks and charm. Indeed, even at its best, it is mostly lightweight stuff, a qualification which does not apply to blues and gospel singers, and a few diseuses. But who wants great art all the time? There has always been a market for thrushes, especially lookers.

Except today. The Hit Parade is categorical. As I write this there is *no* woman soloist in the British 'top twenty', and *Variety's* record-selling chart makes the men eight times as popular as the girls. (The juke-box public, in both countries, seems to be a shade less anti-feminine.) This situation is not new. It has long been known (and regretted) in Tin Pan Alley that the big beat and the half-grown boy have driven out the ballad and the girl-singer; or rather, have forced the girls out of the mass market into the cabarets and night-clubs, where the patrons are older and richer. It is an astonishing fact that it is today easier to become an actress than a successful vocalist.

Why the mass public will not listen to women is one of the many obscure questions of Tin Pan Alley. The most likely answer seems to be that teenage girls do not want to rave about one another, but about boys, and teenage boys can't identify themselves with girl-singers. It appears that nobody except perhaps some adults wants to project, say, love or longing or general sentiment into a woman's voice as during the war (*cf.* Vera Lynn and 'Lilli Marlene'); a state of affairs which argues poorly for the prospects of the neo-Victorian sweet maids who, if not exactly wanting to be good, do want to let who will be clever.

All this is very disturbing for the amateur of the popular arts. For, as Sarah Vaughan's tour has just shown us, pop songs can be an exhilarating experience when sung by women of great talent who know their business as jazz artists: who can use their voice, plan and judge their effects, and hit the note they want and the right timbre, with the matter-of-fact ease of the champion fencer. Miss Vaughan has been adequately praised by others. She is at present the best jazz singer alive, not excluding Ella Fitzgerald, and no more can or need be said. The question is how new women singers can reach a comparable standard when the mass market rejects them.

The answer is, they cannot. Nobody becomes a really good pop singer without jazz experience, for jazz is what turns commercial grape-juice into wine. Nobody can learn jazz on the nightclub circuit, for its public is, on the whole, the squarest there is. The scene is particularly bleak in Britain. With a minimum of rationality, Cleo Laine would be a household word; Georgia Brown, who could be recognised by all but the mentally retarded as a potential block-buster, would not just be doing an occasional volunteer number after theatre-hours at Ronnie Scott's. Annie Ross, would not have to return on flying visits from America to be recognised as a singer of top world class. Above all, there would be – as today there is not – new talent, and opportunities for learning the craft. There are, after all, plenty of girls.

Francis Newton

New Chamber Music

Some of my colleagues keep insisting that London has been suffering from a grave dearth of chamber concerts for several years. In fact, the chamber-music enthusiast has been able to regale himself at least four times a week: at the Conway Hall on Sunday (South Place Concerts); at the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House, on Tuesday and Thursday (Home Service and General Overseas concerts); and at the Wigmore Hall or Festival Hall some other evening. It is true, however, that the programmes have offered hardly any contemporary music, a sleepy state of affairs which is at last being rectified by the new Third Programme Thursday Concerts and another admirably forward-looking enterprise calling itself 'Music Today'. This society intends to feature new works, modern classics, early music, and readings from eminent contemporary writers, followed by public discussion of the new work when desirable. The inaugural concert, at the Royal Festival Hall Recital Room last Monday, provided Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*, Boulez' *Le Marteau sans Maître*, and readings by Harold Pinter from René Char (including the poems Boulez used in his work). It was a heartening sight to see a capacity audience, including many young people full of enthusiasm.

One regrets that the concerts have to start at 8.15 instead of 7.30: the promised introduction to *Le Marteau*, by the New Music Ensemble's conductor John Carewe, had to be abandoned, and the public discussion drastically curtailed. Some comprehensive elucidation of this revolutionary work would have been most valuable. Nevertheless, enough emerged from a re-hearing of the music and the remarks of the second speaker, Iain Hamilton, to suggest that *Le Marteau* is essentially a virtuoso essay in fascinating sound-textures, without any significance beyond itself. The connection between the music and the surrealistic texts is one of mere parallelism; the work must be taken as a purely aesthetic experience, and at the moment on trust as a purely sensuous one, being as yet intellectually ungraspable. John Carewe went to the heart of the matter, when he joined the discussion to insist that the work does make sense on close acquaintance. Only when it is as familiar as *The Rite of Spring* shall we be able to assess its artistic value.

The 69-year-old South Place Concerts continually provide the music, if not of today, at least of yesterday. They have been giving Bartok's six quartets regularly, and last Sunday presented Shostakovich's Fifth String Quartet for the first time in London, compellingly played by the London String Quartet. One calls the Shostakovich the music of yesterday, even though it is a new work written at about the same time as the Boulez (1952), because Shostakovich's today is already

Boulez' yesterday, not to say last week. Nevertheless, on hearing the work for the second time (the Third Programme broadcast the complete set of five early last year), one was again impressed by the way in which a master can handle simple tonal procedures to haunting effect. By moving slightly bi-tonal elements chromatically across the firm background of the major and minor scales, he produces some strikingly original ideas, by turns sardonic, brooding, and aspiring; and out of these he builds expertly a characteristic drama of tragic conflict and resignation. Of the three continuous movements, the central slow one is the finest: this long-spanned hypnotic flow of polyphony, evocative of lonely stillness of spirit, is a constructive tonal feat of a type which Shostakovich alone seems able to achieve nowadays. The future of tonality, if it has one, rests in the hands of geniuses like him and Britten, who show how imaginative fire can still be struck from three or four notes of the traditional scales.

DERYCK COOKE

Cliché Characters

IF I were Censor, one of my early acts would be to issue a list of banned characters, and among the first of these would be the unpopular new commander, the disciplinarian swine with a sorrow taking over for the tough exploit. He reappears for the *n*th time in *Sink the Bismarck!* (Odeon), automatically grafted on to a C. S. Forester narrative, and so far as I am concerned sinks it in no time.

'Cold as a witch's heart', says the First Sea Lord of this newcomer, who is none other than Kenneth More masking his usual amiability. He is in charge of the operations designed to catch the *Bismarck;* and in the operations room 200 feet below ground in the Admiralty he and his colleagues soon get into their stride with 'It's the waiting' and 'I know where I'd rather be'. Then of course the son's photograph on his desk presages woe; soon enough, when the *Ark Royal* is drawn into combat, the son gets reported missing; and then comes the news that he's been picked up, and then the *Bismarck's* sunk. What began with newsreel of Hitler launching his great battleship ends with smirks and romance in Whitehall.

This sort of filmdom stuff is really not enough to make a big British picture; and the documentary basis is largely wasted, though the action scenes are well enough done. There's a lot of bang-bang and grey shapes, and all the bombast and the close-up casualties are on the other side. The *Graf Spee* obtained far better treatment.

A three-weeks season of Czech films at the National Film Theatre discovers new country so far as films are concerned, and if the excitements of film-making in Poland or Hungary seem lacking, there is the interest of a safer, middle-of-the-road society behind the Iron Curtain, not averse to self-criticism and satire. *An Uneasy Romance*, with which the festival opened, takes us behind the scenes of State publishing, where a woman with office written all over her is sent to another town to investigate a cooking of accounts; her starchiness softens to a widower who turns out to have been mixed up in the thefts. The first half of the film, the middle-aged love affair, succeeds quietly. (But why must she discard spectacles in her coming-to-life: here, I'm afraid, our new Censor would step in.) Thereafter, the plot doesn't seem to last out, finance gets niggardly, points are underlined, and the end – with her going away, and putting on spectacles again – rather misses its effect. However, good photography, the acting of Dana Medrika, and a certain honesty make the film worth taking in.

Far more exciting is Eduard Hofman's *The Creation of the World:* easily the best full-length cartoon that has come my way for some years. This amiable Daddy, tired of dozing on a cloud, hatches four eggs, three angelic, the fourth devilish. Then for the sake of his cherubs he starts creating, first on a blackboard and then in space. Stars are flung and the sun lights the earth. He and his cherubs knit a lamb, launch a whale, teach a stork on stilts, until finally they create Adam, and of course Eve. The devil manages to put a spoke in most wheels. Most ingenious and gay are all the stages in this cosmic romp, which in style comes nearer to Thurber than Disney. In fact it is delightedly itself.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Dirty Word

ART has become as dirty a word as Peace, partly for an analogous reason – the disproportion that now exists between talk about art and what is being done in art – but not entirely for this reason. The idea of Art began to become disreputable fifty years ago, when art was still very much alive. The ultimate source of our distrust of Art is our sense of guilt at being incapable of looking at art, or producing it, unselfconsciously. Styles have come to mean too much, to be too clearly symbols of attitudes: to use a style is to strike an attitude. Therefore, whatever style he uses, be it old style or new style, the artist immediately finds himself distrusting himself. Even his choice of subjects is no longer free. If he paints, say, an apple, he is not painting a fruit, he is not painting a thing with a roughly spherical form, he is painting a symbol of Cézanne's art: the way he paints the apple will be seen not as an interpretation of life but as an interpretation of art.

In so far as they've been able to find an answer to this dilemma, serious artists today have tended either, like Giacometti, to concentrate on a wilfully narrow range of simple subjects or, like the first generation of American action painters, to reject all the known results of painting in order to concentrate upon the art of painting and follow where their particular gestures led them.

There remain, all the same, in spite of everything a few artists who, working within the accepted terms of art, have been able, through a rare combination of purity of intention with sophistication of understanding, to make a fresh and valid contribution. Robert Medley is one of these. The paintings in his new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries are beautiful, objects which delight the senses and the mind and which were clearly made for the pleasure of making them. Here the subject is a pretext for, and the act of painting a means to, the creation of beautiful objects: there is no other end. Which is not to say that these paintings are at all self-indulgent. They are deeply thoughtful and sensitive essays in style, extensions of the styles of Matisse and the early-cubist Braque: their responsibility is to the integrity and seriousness of those styles and, beyond this, to the idea of painting as a dedicated activity which needs no justification beyond the creation of beauty.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Correspondence

THE TWO GERMANYS

Sir, – Mr R. H. S. Crossman writes that there 'are now not only two German states but two German ways of life, one Rhineland, Catholic and capitalist, the other Prussian Communist.' Mr Crossman himself has many times stated that the basic conflict of our time is not an antagonism between capitalism and Communism, but the struggle between democracy and totalitarianism. Germany is not different from the rest of the world, but the conflict is sharper in a divided country than anywhere else in Europe. Consequently, it is misleading to describe the policy of the Communists as an attempt 'to accept partition and make it work' while Adenauer is accused of wanting 'to make partition unworkable and then to absorb what is now a Russian-occupied area into the free world.' What Mr Crossman chooses to call partition is in reality the denial of basic human rights and freedoms, enjoyed by 50 million Germans, to the remaining 17 millions. Communist policy does not intend only to make this state of affairs 'work' but to extend its area. Government *and* opposition in Western Germany demand no more and no less than that the Germans under Communist rule be no longer denied the right of self-determination. Incidentally, they are supported here by Labour Party policy, as formulated at Scarborough, which demands German re-unification with free elections.

In 1951, Mr Crossman was of the opinion that in spite of the existence of reactionary forces in the USA and in western Europe, 'to treat General MacArthur or Senator McCarthy as the main enemy, or even to think of them as a threat to peace as dangerous as Soviet policy, [would mean] to neglect everything which has happened both in the USA and in the USSR since 1930'. This *cererum censeo* still holds good, if you replace MacArthur and McCarthy by the name of Dr Adenauer.

J. W. Bruegel

21 Connaught Drive NW11

Sir, – Mr Crossman is to be warmly commended on his objective and realistic approach to the problems of the two Germanys. In both 1958 and 1959 I paid visits to the DDR and I can also testify to the great improvement in economic conditions even in one year – I think this will be maintained and a sound viable economy will result. The Labour Party will, I hope, face this fact and press for *de facto* recognition of the DDR. Tom Taylor and I visited some of the same people last year, at different times, but I must dissent entirely from his views. To speak as he does of East German conditions as 'a more dangerous form of Fascist revival' is really nonsense.

One point has not been mentioned in Mr Crossman's articles and I think it is worth dealing with now. The DDR has achieved peaceful and cordial relations with its Polish and Czech neighbours. The Oder-Neisse is 'the frontier of peace' and we can realize how much this contributes to stability and reconciliation in what was surely one of the gravest danger spots in Europe. The West German government, however, still makes reckless claims to the lost lands of the East and the West German Embassy in London issues a fortnightly publication, *The German View*, and the front cover always contains a map which includes East Germany, and both Polish and Czech territories. This is surely tactless to say the least, and it may be interpreted as an abuse of diplomatic relations to issue such provocative pamphlets in another country. Co-existence is certainly possible with the DDR but it will be extremely difficult with Adenauer's West Germany as long as claim is still laid to the territory of other countries. We must not allow Adenauer to wreck the Summit talks.

Norman L. Stevens

8 Trinfield Avenue,
Exmouth

THE COMMANDING HEIGHTS

Sir, – In agreeing with Mr Mikardo's conclusions, it is not necessary to accept the talk of a new industrial revolution with which he attempts to support them. This kind of facile extrapolation is typical of much unimaginative science fiction and economic forecasting. Unfortunately, it misleads not only the general public but also economists, engineers and – apparently – management consultants.

Briefly, in his first three numbered paragraphs, Mr Mikardo lists a number of developments, most of which have been with us since before 1950; and there is no good reason to believe that they will become more economical during the next ten years. A few of the items, such as the replacement of wood by plastic-coated steel are not, in general, even technically feasible.

No. 4 looks some way into the future; for the time being, the Russians can use their expanding output of engineering products much more effectively to assist their allies and the underdeveloped countries rather than compete directly with British industry. There is still a good market for us, even in Russia itself, and certainly in China.

Finally, if disarmament broke out quite suddenly, this would certainly lead to a much greater industrial and economic revolution than anything else Mr Mikardo mentions; unfortunately, there seems little likelihood of this. Looking at the industrial and economic scene soberly, therefore, there is no reason to believe that the 1960's will prove more revolutionary than the 1950's, the principal achievement of which has been to choke our roads with motor-cars without greatly improving their designs.

E. G. Selmer
Editor

Automation Progress
Leonard Hill House
9 Eden Street NW1

IRISH HORSE TRAFFIC

Sir, – Mr Ewart Milne ignores certain facts. 1. Horses are notoriously bad sea-travellers because they cannot be sea-sick. 2. The *City of Waterford* sailed when a gale warning was in force and never sought a convenient harbour or lee shore. 3. Farmers would lose nothing if an efficient abattoir were operating here. With less freight and no casualties en route, a higher price a head should be payable. 4. To supress the trade would cost £100,000 – ninepence a head. Would this bankrupt us? 5. Horses travel to French and Belgian abattoirs from all other countries by road and/or rail. 6. Thoroughbreds almost invariably travel by air. Would Vincent O'Brien ever have dreamt of sending Ballymoss in the *City of Waterford* to contest the Arc de Triomphe? 7. Hunting is far from being 'more popular today than ever before'. The animal protection societies have done much to change public opinion.

Kilbracken

Killegar
Cavan, Ireland

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

Sir, – May a non-Catholic married to a Catholic enter the birth control correspondence? I am a young woman with a normal sexual appetite. I love my husband very dearly, and after being away from him all day at business (after a scrappy half-hour in dressing gown and unwashed face at breakfast when the conversation is limited to 'where's the salt?' and 'here's your clean socks') his arrival home each evening is like the renewal of our courtship. A warm, loving atmosphere grows which often leads to 'an early night' and the eventual physical expression of this love and close relationship.

Before we were married we occasionally anticipated marriage (knowing we were to marry eventually) and my husband had no hesitation in putting into practice contraceptive birth control methods as he did not wish to put me 'in the family way' for both moral and economic reasons. However, it was tacitly understood that after marriage I would have to adopt the Catholic teaching on birth control, as he was basically a good Catholic and could not accept marriage under any other conditions. Catholic methods, I discovered, were no 'unnatural' controls – only the safe period and self control. As regards the former, my menstrual cycle is uneven, but more important, I refuse to consult the calendar every night before going to bed. From love springs the desire to make love, and I cannot turn my love on and off like a tap of water. As for self-control, in basic terms this means to say no for two out of my three 'available' weeks. It will be easy for this 'strength' to turn into cold calculation, lack of affection and the decrease of genuine love of one healthy human being for another – and I shall have to suffer the sulks of a rebuffed lover, the pouring of cold water on the natural desire of a man to have loving intercourse with his legally married wife. I am already expecting our

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first baby, and this problem has no practical meaning for either of us yet, but if I am frightened or economically unwilling to have a second baby immediately, and I withdraw my affection and warmth from my husband, whom can I blame if my husband finds he needs me only to wash his socks and cook his meals? What if he eventually refuses to sleep with me at all unless stimulated by alchohol and maudlin sentiment spiced with desire? Would this be the loving mutual exercise of marital rights? I need my husband, and I am selfish enough to think he needs me, often, as any man needs a woman he loves, to hold in his arms and possess when he wishes.

As a non-Catholic I have been forced (because I loved my husband and wished to marry him) to adopt the most serious, far-reaching and fundamental principle of Catholic practice – birth control. I do not agree that a life unconceived through trapping the seed before fertilisation (if we must be technical) is a life destroyed. Is an unwritten story a destroyed manuscript? Can an unconstructed building be destroyed by fire? I do not believe that it is better to sleep alone or make love by the clock and retain my 'soul' than it is to have the children we want when we want them, when we can afford to feed and clothe them, and when I am strong and healthy enough to look after them and my husband in an atmosphere of love, contentment and spiritual peace of mind.

This problem is still very much alive in our home; please withhold my name and address from this letter if published, in order to avoid further upset to my husband and further distress to myself. By marrying a Catholic I have accepted, with open eyes, the shortcomings of his religion as they apply to our life together, but my sole reason for writing this letter is to put a point of view which, though known to the Catholic Church, is usually conveniently forgotten when they take up the cudgels on behalf of Right versus Wrong.

Unwilling

Sir, – The problems of birth control will inevitably become more complex with the advance of science. These will presumably cause further theological difficulties. For example, recently in Costa Rica a substance, Enervid, has been tried which prevents the woman ovulating. It is a simple pill taken by mouth. The result is that she is in a continuous 'safe period' which really is safe. Moreover, it has been shown that this does not cause sterility but even improves fertility when she stops medication. Is this to be considered a form of birth control and is it permissible to Roman Catholics? If the natural safe period is permitted surely the prolongation by hormone should be allowed also?

There are even more curious problems to be faced in the future. In cows a fertilised ovum has been removed from the uterus of one cow and implanted in that of another. The implanted cow 'mothers' a calf which is not her own and the genetic mother has no further part in the matter. Sooner or later this will be applied to human beings. Is it to be considered a form of birth control and, if so, will it be permitted to Roman Catholics?

It seems that one day it will certainly be found possible to develop a fertilised ovum outside the body altogether. Will this be birth control and if so will it be permissible? If Father Eastwell is bored with this debate perhaps some other Roman Catholic authority will give his opinion.

Clifford Allen

148 Harley Street W1

Sir, – As a married Catholic who is all in favour of copulation, Mr Drewitt's remarks seem to me to be getting further and further away from reality. Take the example of a husband who copulates with his wife when she is no longer fertile. It would be a misuse of language to say that these people are 'preventing conception' or copulating 'in order that fertilisation may be avoided'. Yet there is no logical difference between intercourse with a permanently sterile, and with a temporarily sterile wife; the 'arrangement of materials' is identical in either case.

The basic fallacy is the idea that the Church considers sinful any copulation between married people when they know that conception is unlikely to result. If this were true the Church would have to forbid any woman who has passed the change of life to copulate with her husband: in fact the Church even approves marriage between spouses, one of whom is known to be permanently sterile at the time when the marriage takes place.

It is easy enough to point out the gaps in Mr Drewitt's logic, but less easy to explain to non-Catholics the strong feeling, quite apart from authority, that Catholics and many other Christians have against the deliberate interception of a copulation which, apart from the interception, would probably be fertile. Christianity is a dead thing if not based on a vivid and continuous love of God. This expresses itself in gratitude for God's gifts, and the gratitude is expressed by using those gifts in a way respectful to the giver. God could have made all food and drink taste no more exciting than bread and water – instead we have every kind of delicious flavour, from honey to anchovies. A Christian expresses his gratitude for this by not being a drunkard or a glutton. Similarly with the unimaginable joy of sexual intercourse. The basic feeling I, as a Catholic, would have if I deliberately intercepted an act of intercourse which would otherwise probably be fertile and so 'put God to the test' (so that my positive interception prevented him from making use of this act to create a new human soul without performing a miracle) would be one of ingratitude towards the generosity which provided me with the pleasure of sexual intercourse in the first place.

I and my wife have only too much practical experience of where the shoe pinches and we have every sympathy with those people (especially women) who find it painful to try to keep this precept. But a Christian does not expect to be comfortable. The compensations make the suffering immensely worthwhile, and ours is surely a more inspiring view of human dignity than that put forward by Mr Ronald Pearson who argues that because baboons go berserk when they can't get enough sex one must expect human beings to do the same.

William Blane

Sir, – It is a droll comment on this intense debate that the Church greets the babe however intentionally and righteously born with the reminder that anyway it was 'conceived in iniquity and born in sin'. With this cheery welcome it is accepted at the font and into the fold.

A. Gunner

Priory,
Selham Petworth

Sir, – Not only Augustine; Wycliffe also deplored the practice, at any rate among nuns. Here in Australia we have found a way out of the difficulty, simply and with a delicacy befitting so intimate a subject. Contraceptive wrappings here are marked 'for the prevention of disease only'; I understand that chemists selling these avoid censure from the Hierarchy.

J. P. Stevenson

St Silas' Vicarage
Melbourne

THE PRIESTLEYS IN AUSTRALIA

Sir, – Australians are beginning to fear that the last traces of English colonialist prejudices are now to be found in London radicals. Mr J. B. Priestley is a notable case in point. Australian reactions against Mr Priestley were based on the fact that he appeared to consider that the second best (in fact the bad) was good enough for Australians. Although for very good reasons he would not be seen dead in London in an English offshoot of the World Peace Council he appeared to think that this kind of thing was good enough for Australia.

If he had had a pro-Communist record the reaction might have been different. But that such a famous non-Communist should carelessly lend himself to a Communist cause because it was merely in Australia and then attack people as McCarthyite for pointing out this fact, made Australian intellectuals feel that if Mr Priestley did not take them seriously there was no particular reason why they should take him at more than what appeared to be his face value.

Donald Horne
Editor

The Observer
Sydney

Sir, – In his perceptive, restrained and refreshingly stimulating 'Down Under' report J. B. Priestley, after saying that more new books are on show in Melbourne and Sydney than in London, Manchester and Birmingham put together, asks a pertinent question – often asked by Australians themselves: yet who buys and reads them, where and how is their influence reflected in public life?

It is easy to answer the first part of his query. Unless one assumes that Australian booksellers continue to buy, year after year, some six million pounds worth of books merely to support

er of the Wedding'

charitably British writers and publishers, and then, having done their duty, pulp the books on arrival, one must come to the inescapable conclusion that these books, so enticingly displayed, are in fact sold to the public. One can produce no proof that people who buy books actually read them, but from my long experience with books and book-buyers in Australia, I must say that there is an extraordinary strong presumption that they do.

Whether in Australia books influence public life to a greater or lesser extent than elsewhere is a question to which there is probably no answer. Can one, to begin with, take it for granted that in other places, in America or in the United Kingdom, books generally (and not of course one particular book at a particular time) have an obvious and strong influence on public affairs? From this distance there is absolutely nothing to suggest that this is the case. Australia, like the rest of the western world, is being over-run by cunning mass-communicators. Yet we have here a core, a small but steadily growing band of TV and press-resistant readers and intellectuals. They are an unassuming and probably introverted lot, most of them unaware of being intellectuals at all. But they are everywhere, in every corner of this vast country; the majority young people in their twenties and thirties. Mr Priestley must have caught a glimpse of them. We hope that in spite of some of his disappointments, he will soon come back to have a long, steady, thoughtful look.

ANDREW FABINYI

338 Little Collins Street
Melbourne

SOVIET DEFENCE CUTS

SIR, – There seems to have been little in Mr Krushchev's speech announcing cuts in the Soviet armed forces to warrant the sweeping conclusions which you drew in the note 'Bad News for Norstad'. The ratio of forces now stationed in Central Europe is stated fairly (29 Soviet divisions, 16 Western) and also the total forces which could be mobilized in 30 days (80 and 28 divisions respectively). There is no reason to expect very great reductions in these Soviet figures.

Krushchev's speech (*Guardian*, 15 January) suggested that the navy and air force would be cut the most drastically. And even if this leaves a substantial cut in the army – numerically the largest force – one would expect the large forces stationed in Russia itself to be reduced before the force in East Germany. It is also important to realize that the similarity in numbers between the total Russian and American forces conceals the higher ratio of the air force to the army in the American numbers, and the higher ratio of support to front-line troops in all western forces, as compared with the Russian. Finally, the Russians are better placed for calling up large numbers of reserves than are the Nato allies, as your estimate of forces available on D-day plus 30 suggests – though surely these would be mobilized in the 30 days *before* D-day if the Russians were contemplating a major attack.

The figures offer no support for your view that Norstad's forces will soon be equal, if not superior, to those facing him, and that it is safe to reduce the British, American *and* German forces in Germany. This would be tantamount to accepting the view that the Nato forces can be very much smaller than the Russian, which has in turn led the western governments to rely too heavily on nuclear arms. Surely it should be one of the aims of our defence policy to reduce as far as possible the number of situations in which we might have prepared no response but the use of nuclear weapons. It would be ironic if the opinions advanced by the NEW STATESMAN were to lead to an increasing dependence on weapons of mass destruction.

JAMES L. RICHARDSON

Nuffield College
Oxford

A GREAT COMPOSER

SIR, – As one of the conservatives I should like to thank Mr Keller for coming more than halfway to meet us, in his article on Schoenberg. After Mr Keller's friendly gesture it would be more than ungracious of us if we didn't keep on trying to break through to some glimmer of appreciation of this Beethovian figure. I only hope that Mr Keller is right, and that, if we make it, it will have been worth the effort.

I am sorry to sound this doubtful note, but, reactionary though I must admit to being in the case of Schoenberg, I have never had much difficulty with Berg in general and *Wozzeck* in particular. (I used to whistle bits of the latter quite early in our acquaintance.) Yet, after repeated hearings, I am beginning to find it a bit of a bore, as has not happened with operas by, to quote obvious instances, Bellini, Bizet, Mozart and Verdi, and that after many more hearings; their 'staying power' seems to be far, far greater.

Of course Mr Keller is right to stress the importance of the letter to Rosbaud. 'I want people to know and whistle my melodies . . .' And yet – there is the very difficulty. What melodies? Devil a one can we hear except in the 'romantic' early compositions, and even then the most intriguing thing that Schoenberg wrote (significantly perhaps?) was the *Variations on One Note*. Or is it, can Mr Keller tell us, that the performances of the music have been so crass that the melodies have been kept from us? By this I don't wish to imply that we don't appreciate the difficulty of performing the music, but this only brings us back to the original question: is it worth the effort? It seems to us that the melodies of Schoenberg are so confoundedly uninteresting and so totally *un*memorable that we really can't give a damn what happens to them.

In one respect, though, Mr Keller does wrong us. For us music is not simply a romantic art; in our obvious and unsubtle way we think of it, rather, as an aural art. This means, we think, that at least some of the structure, as well as the more obvious sensuous and romantic aspects, of music should be capable of being taken in by the ear alone. That, surely, is the importance of 'melody'; it gives us a recognisable pattern to keep track of during the convolutions that follow. That is why, once we get past the stage of wallowing in the sensuous beauty of music and wake up to the fact that there is more to it than a succession of pretty and invigorating noises, we still like our music to have melodies in it. It makes us feel that the composer is on our side. If we can keep track of Bartok, Britten, Janacek, Stravinsky, and other by no means negligible figures of the day, and can't keep track of Schoenberg, are we not entitled to wonder if a little of the inadequacy does not lie with Schoenberg?

SYLVIA M. BERESFORD

Bridgwater

MAHATMA GANDHI

SIR,—A committee has been formed in London, under the chairmanship of Mrs Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, in order to help in the collection of Mahatma Gandhi's letters, speeches and writings, for publication by the government of India.

I would like to appeal to your readers who may have in their possession letters or other communications written by Mahatma Gandhi, to lend to us for photographing or copying. I should also be grateful for any information which leads to the discovery of such material.

Communications may be sent to me at: 105 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2. The greatest care will be taken of all material and it will be returned as quickly as possible.

IAN LE MAISTRE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Sun and the Sunless

IN France, Germany and in the United States, we are told, Mr Lawrence Durrell is now the most admired of British novelists. For ourselves, he is a mixture of traveller, poet and the brilliant raconteur in depth, of dazzling loquacity. Our literature grows blooms like this in the expatriate and Imperial hot-houses – Mr Durrell was planted in the Middle East and the Mediterranean – a Ouida as well as a Kipling, a Norman Douglas as well as a D. H. Lawrence; a Byron, but also a Disraeli and a Hichens.

Where our exotics excel is in a matchless sense of place which, I believe, is not approached by any literature in the world. Mr Durrell's evocation of Alexandria, in *Justine*, *Balthazar* and *Mountolive*, and now in *Clea**, is one of the finer mirages in our writing. It is an astonishing collection of fragments, a self-perpetuating generation of vivid pictorial illusions, obsessive, poetic, curious, scholarly, and headily at the mercy of mood and memory. This writing of his is splendid, even when the pedal is down, because the poetic image is the image of precision; and arresting, because contemporary English prose has either – in one of Durrell's phrases – got a hot potato in its mouth or has been nibbled close by the bleak teeth of modern criticism. In either case, it looks like rain. The writer whose subject is illusion – Mr Durrell's – is entitled to colour, image and fantasy and it is no good complaining that, on the subject of cities, he does not write like Smollett who succeeded fearfully in a different way. Fragments stick:

> Streets that run back from the docks with their tattered, rotten supercargo of houses, breathing into each others' mouths, keeling over . . .
>
> the early spring dawn with its dense dew, sketched upon the silence that engulfs a whole city before the birds awaken it . . . the sweet voice of the blind muezzin hanging like a hair in the palm-cooled upper airs . . .
>
> in the summer the sea-damp lightly varnished the air. Everything lay under a coat of gum.

And there are the set pieces, like the sight of the desert at the meeting of the Copts, the duck-shoot in the delta. Or those long interiors: the cellar in which the child prostitutes come out by candlelight like a cloud of bats, or the Minister of the Interior's appalling reception-room, with the old, sugared and slothful spider pillowing his stomach on the divan.

But as a novelist? A novel can be anything; but, struggle as Mr Durrell does with his conviction that he is conducting an experiment in 'the novel of sliding panels', or creating a mosaic of plot and symbol in layers and depths. He is really a raconteur, a master of the episode. He cannot stop. His new novel *Clea* rounds off the Justine series, but he is clearly hankering after new twists and densities. In *Justine* he was all surface; in *Balthazar* he showed us it was a false surface; in *Mountolive*, the political novel which really rooted his characters, he got depth at last. I think this volume is the making of the quartet. But in *Clea*, invention and ingenuity have become a habit. The difficulty is that the war has come, the spell of old Alexandria and the decadent elation that sustained it have gone. There is no artifice to believe in. Pursewarden, who began to shape in *Mountolive*, lectures us for hours about sex, literature and the North in the only too-well-known voice of Norman Douglas. This is not the earlier, difficult Pursewarden of scandalous sexual misbehaviour, fighting the Foreign Office, and dumbfounding and seducing that honking, hysteric Lesbian, Justine; breaking the lock-jaw of her desire for martyrdom by making her laugh at herself for the first time in her life. In *Clea* poor Pursewarden, who has had to bear much from Mr Durrell, is given a guilty secret; he has committed incest. It is as solemn as the committal to the deep. It is made to sound like one of the seven deadly virtues. His smut is below standard, too.

And then, in *Clea*, those letters, diaries and mimicries which Mr Durrell has skilfully used to give a change of view to the earlier books, swamp the narrative. There is still good farce which, after place, is one of Mr Durrell's strong gifts. The saga of Scobie, the Catholic Police Chief with 'tendencies' (Eonism) gets broader after his death. This sinning and Cockney prowler, with a bad accent, is canonised as a Moslem saint by accident because of local popularity. His tomb contains his bath tub – no body available – and works miracles. There is Dr Amaril's romance with a girl for whom he makes an artificial nose, a charming tale; and more dreadful, the tale of Dr Balthazar's last love affair. In a panic because he is obliged to take to false teeth, and sees in this a sign of declining powers, the philosophical old dabbler in the Cabbala falls in love with a beastly young actor, and is driven to the most extravagant and pitiable humiliations of homosexual jealousy. He ends by attempting to cut off his own hands. (Hand symbols and hand-cutting occur more than once in Mr Durrell's quartet; for as he annotates the course of European sexual practice and fantasy from Rabelais to Sade, Sade gets most of the cheers. As a gesture to Home, there are two cheers for D. H. Lawrence.)

Mr Durrell's ingenious method of sliding the panel and showing us many episodes again with new and unexpected shadows, is dramatic and absorbing; it cannot disguise the fact that his leading people are not people at all. They are vehicles of events; they are a poet's notes; they are fables, subjects of one another's conversation and, in the case of the women, are seen only in the light of desire. It is Mr Durrell's point as an artist that they are fervid aspects of the city, created by its moments. They build up, of course, as time passes. Justine, the nymphomaniac, the banker's wife, the narrator's mistress, is shown first as a figure of mystery, then as a raucous hysteric and finally we get a real insight into her nature when we discover that she is diverting her desire to suffer into serious political plotting. Politics calm her sexually. She is the perpetual *intrigante* with a rage for power. When the plot fails she turns upon her husband and becomes not the mysterious holy whore, but the true married scold. So Justine acquires character – but only through the say-so of her lovers who observe her. She is less a woman than gossip. We see the rest of Mr Durrell's characters as we might see them in Casanova, almost only in their relation to some peculiarities of sexuality, its pleasures, pains, dissimulations, ironies and unpredictable turns.

Mr Durrell and his people are continually talking. They talk well and wittily, with instructed scepticism and an immense amount of quotation including quite a few old intellectual gags, like Mommsen's about the Celts destroying civilisations and creating none of their own. It indeed often seems that loquacity has been substituted for sex. And *are* they talking about love? Not really; only about Narcissism and desire. Sterile, they are talking about its perversity, its sadness, its anecdotage, its variety, its passing. Their sexual love is easy, but after the sexual act there is still unsatisfied desire. Exhausted romantics, they are looking over the sleeping lover's shoulder. Love – and Mr Durrell as a good Mediterranean prides himself on his knowledge of its variety – rarely grows beyond that first stage in his novels. He speaks in Stendhalian phrase of *amour passion*, but does not give us an example of it. No one is possessed.

Here and there, there is a *glimpse* of love – and we have to grant that he sets out to be a novelist of fragmentation – as when, for example, in a very fine scene, an old man cries for his mistress on his death-bed in hospital. He is an old dealer, she is a cabaret dancer with many customers who has long ago left him. He wants her now, not for comfort, not to expose a broken heart, but to confess to her that he once or twice robbed her and cheated her. He wants to clear his conscience. Surely, love is the bloodstream of the moral nature; Mr Durrell sees human beings as thinned-out spirits off on some kind of erotic hunt who live only in the eyes and the senses, on the nerves, in expert pleasure and in terror. We accept this because he tells us we are in Alexandria, the androgynous, where people are 'wounded in their sex'; but it knocks the bottom out of old Pursewarden as a sage. It is noticeable indeed that Mr Durrell's people acquire character when they are seen outside of love, especially the men. Narouz, the rich Copt and farmer, for example, who murders and is murdered, is far more real than his brother, the mysterious Nessim, the banker who is caught in Justine's affairs. Nessim becomes real only when we see him plotting to run arms into Palestine. Mountolive, the ambassador, becomes real when he is shocked out of his long day-dream of desire for Nessim's mother, is caught by political intrigue, and goes through the shocking and terrifying scene in the child's brothel.

**Clea*. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber*. 16s.

If mutability and illusion are the subjects of this novelist who is afloat on fine words and an avidity for art and ideas, his means are shock, boldness and a mastery of intrigue, patterning and storytelling. His experiment in repeated rewritings succeeds to a great extent because the shift has some of the abruptness of the theatre in it. In all things he is an artist; even when he bores he bores us as an artist by striking too many attitudes. When the shift fails it is because he relies excessively on long-winded narrators who are supposed to be new voices but who are in fact as clever in the same way as he is. The influence of Norman Douglas and the desire to out-Juan *Don Juan* have been baneful. But one does not forget the absurdities of Scobie, the love life of Pombal, the French diplomat. One admires the caricature, the murder of Narouz, the scene in which Pursewarden fails to make love to Melissa, succeeds when he has confessed a secret to her, and drops her suddenly when she accidentally reveals a trivial yet deadly secret to him; one does not forget Scobie's death, the horror of the brothel – or anything which springs from intrigue. For intrigue buzzes out of Mr Durrell's tremendous power of observation and invention. His eyes are forever watching; his ears forever hearing. The Decadent palls, the compulsive talker goes on and on, but again and again the romantic inventor breaks through like a bursting flower. He is unlike any novelist we now have.

V. S. Pritchett

Inspiration

A. These days, expect her no longer
From staring at stars.

B. Must you then be a stranger
Go mad; see life behind bars?

Should you eat mushrooms, take mescalin
Or a course in the Arts;
Or, to prove yourself masculine,
Give employment to tarts.

Should you consider what lands
You live in; what colours you wear?
Is there power in the palm of the hand,
Wisdom in white hair?

Do you search dark old paintings –
Photographs from the air?
Is it obsession you feel mounting
You; blood from the spur?

A. Of him who has known the answer
the eyes start from the head;
He shrinks, turns from the hot pincer,
Falls, shams dead.

John Biram

Cole and History

Essays in Labour History. In memory of G. D. H. Cole. Edited by Asa Briggs and John Saville. *Macmillan*. 42*s*.

Discard the dust-cover which carries a drawing of Douglas Cole which does not even remind you of him. Inside you will find a notable tribute to his personality and influence. The book was not originally intended as a memorial volume, but as a tribute to his work as a social historian to be presented to him when he was seventy. Lamentably, he died nine months before his seventieth birthday. Four personal essays have therefore been added to the scholarly essays. Ivor Brown contributes a charming memory of him as a fellow undergraduate at Balliol before the first world war. Hugh Gaitskell's account of the Coles at Oxford is full of affection and understanding. Professor Bailey is sentimental about him as a teacher, and Mr Worswick estimates his contribution to economic thought in a lifetime primarily devoted to teaching and writing at Oxford.

Ivor Brown's memories recall a too seldom remembered Douglas. At Balliol he was a poet, an astonishingly handsome revolutionary and a lavish host. He was marked out for a leader and already accepted as an authority. Hugh Gaitskell recalls his first visit to the Coles in the General Strike – when he became Margaret Cole's temporary chauffeur. As a result of his intimacy with Douglas he became dedicated to working-class politics and began his career – as so many of us did in the Twenties – as a WEA lecturer. He writes well of the sceptical atmosphere of that period when undergraduates rejoiced in the 'heavenly freedom' of release from war. Intellectual integrity, he says, was recognised as the supreme goal; it came higher than the triumph of Socialism. Here indeed was the basic conflict between the doctrinaire Marxist who measured right and wrong by the progress of the workers' emancipation, and the intellectual who hoped to be able to serve the same cause without stooping to the baser levels of propaganda. Cole could never have belonged to the first school. Greatly influenced by both Marx and Webb, he was often disrespectful to both. Gaitskell is quite right that we were all mistaken in imagining even for a moment that Cole, who was once a Labour candidate, could have led a revolutionary party in the House of Commons. There is much in this essay to learn both about Cole and Gaitskell. How true it is that Douglas, who seldom went abroad, was only an internationalist in theory! Like Belloc, he had a passion for the hills of the south country. He was a little Englander always, or rather, as Gaitskell says, a 'little Southern-Englander.'

The essays which are the main body of this volume are contributed by university teachers in the field of working-class history. They lecture at Leeds, Birkbeck, Sheffield, Hull and Alberta: two of them are extra-mural teachers at Oxford. Professor Asa Briggs has done fascinating research on the development of the idea, as well as of the word, 'class' in England; one might have guessed that Cobbett first used the word in the modern sense. Mr Brock from Canada breaks new ground in studying the ideas of Polish socialists during the period after the failure of the 1830 rising against Tsardom. Innumerable books have been written about socialist thinking in England during this period and there can be little fresh to explore in this field in Russia or Germany. If Poland's apparently considerable contribution has, as far as I know, been ignored in the West, that is no doubt because of our ignorance of the language.

For the rest Stephen Coltham's study of the *Beehive* confirms a view I have long had – that a mine of interest is still to be found in the half-forgotten working-class newspapers which started and stopped throughout the nineteenth century. Mr Harrison endeavours to show that Professor Beesly, the Positivist, was an important figure in the development of socialist thought in England. Mr E. P. Thompson writes a lively account of Tom Maguire, a working-class poet and one of the founders of the ILP.

These are scholarly, not popular, essays. But that the distinction is so sharp in this case is largely due to the fact that the very idea of making the heroes of the working class as much alive as Gladstone or Palmerston is comparatively new. That scholars and teachers are writing the social history of Britain today and seeing its climax in the victory of Socialism rather than in the triumphs of colonial conquest is a revolution, and a revolution to which Douglas Cole made a unique contribution.

Kingsley Martin

What Shakespeare Planned For

Shakespeare's Wooden O. By Leslie Hotson. *Hart-Davis*. 30*s*.

About five years ago, it was announced that a full-size Globe Theatre on the J. C. Adams plan, the only one that gives complete specifications (using, of course, a lot of other people's ideas), was to be built at Stratford, Connecticut; but just then the views of Mr Hotson hit the learned world, and a modernistic theatre was put up; it appears to be a rocky waste covered with stairs for an actor to trip over. This was a pity, because till the J. C Adams theatre is built one cannot tell what it would feel like. Mr. Hotson's only objection to it (apart from not believing that it was used) seems to be that the balcony would feel too remote; but there are scenes which you might prefer to have 'distanced', the blinding of Gloucester for example, and then again people in the gallery might feel that this balcony was closer to them than the lower stage. When Mr Hotson is defending his own plan he speaks with great contempt for any playgoer who actually wants to see the performance.

He believes that the south-west side of the Globe was used not as a back but for the more expensive seats, that the actors dressed below the stage and reached it by trap-doors, and that a row of 'houses' ran along both sides of it. Houses were skeleton structures, and part of the audience was usually looking through them; but they were curtained off when required, actors then using the trap-doors inside them, and sometimes also roofed to make an 'above'. He is boisterously convinced that this discovery makes a much better theatre than the old idea of a small curtained balcony and inner stage at the back, with most of the action on the open central stage.

Here is the real 'theatre in the round', which previous scholars have been too timid to imagine. A picture in the book shows Hamlet pulling aside a curtain and finding he has killed Polonius instead of Claudius, and behind the corpse stretch away rows of spectators, all with an air of ox-like patience; they may well not be excited, because the whole scene up to now has been quite invisible to them. A modern audience wouldn't put up with this, whether because we are so contemptible or not; so, if we accept this theory, all attempts to get back to what Shakespeare presumably wanted must be abandoned.

The book seems at first little interested in evidence, seeking to convince by imaginative reconstruction; but I am afraid there really is some evidence tucked away in it. The contemporary references to grand spectators on the stage have always seemed rather too barbaric for the Adams Globe; and Mr Hotson, with innocent happiness, drives this home by a particularly grisly quotation from Ben Jonson:

> Grandees
> Do not . . . force us act
> In compass of a cheese-trencher . . . .
> who, worse than you, the fault endures
> That your selves make? when you will thrust and spurn,
> And knock us o' the elbows, and bid, turn . . .

This is from the Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*, and what the grandee will do is hit the actor during the performance to make him turn round and face the important people at the back, instead of the audience in front. It is very clear that Jonson does not admire the arrangement as much as Mr Hotson does. However, Mr Hotson admits that this was written for the indoor Blackfriars Theatre, not the Globe. He proves his case, I think, about the way they adapted long narrow halls for acting, with the stage across the middle of the room; a college hall for example; but that does not prove it for the Globe. 'Amphitheatre' might mean a double theatre or an all-round one; and these hall arrangements were definitely not all-round. Nobody sits behind or above the 'houses' which are against the two walls, with the stage between them: not even in Mr Hotson's picture. We need not assume they arranged the 'houses' in the same way for the all-round Globe, at such a ridiculous cost of invisibility. Mr Hotson exults over the sketch of the Swan Playhouse as defeating the Adams theory, and seems quite unable to notice that it also defeats his own. It has no 'houses' anywhere; the two fat pillars would be a great obstacle to placing them at the sides of the stage; there are two large doors leading off the stage at the back, and they are actually said to lead to the tiring-room (*mimorum aedes*). With this in front of him, Mr Hotson need not have argued that the curious legs supporting the stage are really the windows of the underground tiring-room; they are probably invented anyhow, but they spread out at the bottom like tree-trunks, so they must be meant as supports and not as windows. Besides, why should the actors be so ill-used? Even if they had to leave the stage by trapdoors, they could get somewhere tolerably well lit to don their helmets, standing upright, and speak above a whisper.

Mr Hotson is always quaintly unconscious that language is hard to interpret; he feels that a phrase plainly means whatever he wants it to mean. He claims that 'the Elizabethans fortunately did not share our hazy thinking and our slipshod expression. When they say *middle*, or *round about*, they mean it' (page 166). He goes straight on to quote how the Prince's Champion rode a horse all round the fire in the hall of Gray's Inn, 'and in the midst of the hall stayed, and made his challenge'; so the horse must have stood on the fire. (And even in a bull-ring,

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though you undoubtedly sit all round, the bull always enters at one fixed place). The truth is that the Elizabethans, though great lords of language otherwise, are tiresomely bad at simple description; it is irritatingly hard luck that we can't decide how Shakespeare meant his plays to be acted, so Mr Hotson's confidence isn't heart-warming.

An anonymous poem in Miss Latham's edition of Raleigh says

> Our winding sheets that shroud us from the Sun
> Are like drawn curtains, when the play is done.

This man expected a curtain to hide something at the end of a play, whereas Mr Hotson maintains that all curtains would then be removed. It seems clear that they tried out various different ways of staging.

WILLIAM EMPSON

Symptoms of Unease

Light Blue, Dark Blue. Edited by JOHN FULLER, JULIAN MITCHELL, WILLIAM DONALDSON and ROBIN MCLAREN. *Macdonald. 15s.*

The Glittering Coffin. By DENNIS POTTER. *Gollancz. 18s.*

'When I was just four months old, Hitler massacred Roehm and the SA leadership in the infamous "Night of the Long Knives". When I was eight the gas-chambers were working overtime. When I was eleven, the "Land of the Free" dropped not one but TWO atom bombs on Japan . . .' 'England seems to me the ideal country to live in because it is quiet and unstimulating and leaves you in peace . . .' The first of these quotations is from an essay by Jonathan Steinberg in *Light Blue, Dark Blue;* the second is borrowed from Doris Lessing by Dennis Potter. Between them they explain the sense of nervous tension which infects both these books. *Light Blue, Dark Blue* is an anthology of recent Oxbridge writing. *The Glittering Coffin* is a personal statement by the twenty-three-year-old ex-editor of *Isis* and ex-chairman of the Labour Club at Oxford on where his generation find themselves. Together they give an overwhelming impression of uneasiness. When the uneasiness gets inside the writing, it lends to it a taut economy which is impressive. When it remains outside it encourages self-consciousness and affectation.

Not of course that in *Light Blue, Dark Blue* self-consciousness is ever very far beneath the surface. The authors are engaged in being young writers rather than in writing. What is missing is subject-matter. The greater the technical competence the more obvious this lack appears. What takes its place is conformity to the fashions of the literary magazines. When one reads in the potted biographies of the contributors that they have already appeared in *Encounter* or the *London Magazine* one knows why they carry the stale taste of our culture to the mouth. But what alternative have they? What other models can they follow? Where can they find substance?

This is the question which Dennis Potter asks in *The Glittering Coffin.* It is so important a question that I wish he had written a less untidy and rambling book. The mixture of autobiography and social comment leads both to a lack of discipline and to a blunting of what might have been a knife-edge attack. There is too much unsupported generalisation. Too many interesting comments are never followed through. The author is the son of a Forest of Dean miner and has climbed sufficiently on the educational and social ladders to be exceptionally sensitive to the symptoms of class-division. Why then is the total effect so incoherent?

Perhaps the answer lies in the deep contradiction between Potter's insight that the official Labour Party outlook 'is incapable of challenging the existing malaise, because it is part of it' and his admission that 'one of my most deeply felt ambitions in life is to become a competent Labour Member of Parliament. . . ' If he really believes the first, then in order to avow the second he must believe that there are forces which could transform the Labour Party into something utterly different from its present state. Yet he gives us little clue as to where these forces are to be found. He refers to the nascent power of the working class. Yet his picture of the working class gives no hint of what might awaken that class to a creative political consciousness of its own power.

It may be this lack of anything positive that makes Dennis Potter appear only too often like a parody of the *Daily Express's* idea of a young angry. So his patronising remarks about his university teachers, for example, or his criticism of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, descend to levels of sheer silliness which make this book fair game for any hostile reviewer. But *The Glittering Coffin* survives all its second-hand mish-mash of thoughts borrowed from *Conviction* and *Universities and Left Review* by reason of the nagging integrity which keeps the social problem alive in Mr Potter's writing.

The lack of positive subject marks both these books so deeply that they are without any quality that might be called weight. The emptiness underneath is so clear that one feels that a sharp gust or two of a high political or social wind would blow all the authors away like a heap of scattered leaves. Yet in showing themselves like this perhaps they have achieved truthfulness. Having done that, writers of the calibre of Mr Hugh-Jones and Mr Patrick Garland, who are outstanding among the prose writers in *Light Blue, Dark Blue,* may have a more exciting future than either we or they can guess at. Mr Potter's future is however bleak. I fear that he will achieve his ambition.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Mummified Myth

Myth and Symbol in Ancient Egypt. By R. RUNDLE CLARK. *Thames & Hudson. 30s.*

What is myth, and who wants to read about it? Certainly there is no longer the popular interest in it which the battle between the totemic and the solar theories generated in the last century. The champions of this battle were Müller and Lang who, with a full panoply of scholarship, excited each other to scorn, erudition and slashing critiques in front of an appreciative audience. After Müller's death, however, the controversy died down: which shows, perhaps, that myth needs a hero to be properly enjoyed, and that, unless it is known as the natural course of things, it loses that imperative and literal quality that gives it life.

The quarrel among myth interpreters is to know just who the hero is: whether he is a historical figure, a rite, an archetype, the Oedipus complex or a social institution. Without a doubt, he is all of these things: myth continually proves itself in the outside world, and by this action the dark contradiction in which the hero is engendered is followed to its real conclusion. Myth is interesting because of this relationship between inner and outer; it offers a quick way of feeling oneself into those problems which history, sociology, metaphysics and psychology deal with at length. He who reads myth expects to get at the heart of things.

Mr Rundle Clark's book on Egyptian myth deals mainly with the coming into being of the High God, the attributive divinities that form the world, and with the Osiris cult. This is the inner reality; the outer one, related to it, is the divine kingship and the funerary cult. The book is interesting in that it gives long translations from the Pyramid and the Coffin texts, in which the scribal mind wanders through the lofty corridors of the other world: broken down, here into ontology, there into allegory, everywhere into the formalised figures of chimerical gods, the myth proves itself in monuments to the theocratic state. To an outsider there is something baffling and distasteful in this official divorce of thought from life, and he needs a strong sense of history and psychology to save the myth from itself. Mr Rundle Clark, while well intentioned, does not press far enough in either direction; his brief historical sketch is quite insufficient to form a context for the transformation of Osiris from a moon god into a double of the sun god, for instance, or for the coming together of his cult with those of Isis, Hathor, Horus and Set. Similarly, his account of the Osirian fate, which is an example of what Jung would call the individuation process, fails to bring in the complications it should, if the reader is to be interested: the *ka,* that purely Egyptian soul

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Few write so well of the countryman as Fred Kitchen. In this novel he recreates the countryman's recent past, a harsh and difficult life unsupported by the welfare state. **Dent. 15s.**

Recaps on 1959
Mistress of Myself, (20s) found Mrs Robert Henrey "vitally alive . . with immense appeal" (*Books and Bookmen*). **A Word Book of Wine** (21s) by Walter James was called "a mine of viticultural information" by *Time and Tide.* James Pennethorne Hughes in **How You Got Your Name** (9s 6d) delved deeply to discover the origin of nearly 1,000 of our most common names. Finally, read
Shank's Pony (Morris Marples, 25s), a study of walking; know that the British have been walking for the fun of it for centuries; in 1877, William Gale walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 successive hours!

Phoenix

entity, is described at some length, but there is no mention of those other entities the *ba* and the *khu* which are also connected with the mystery of the solar Osiris. The effect of these simplifications on the reader is to make him wonder just who the hero of this extraordinary and stilted mythology was, and whence came the energy that could sustain it for so long without being bored. These uncertainties come, it seems, from the author not knowing what audience he is addressing. As a result, his guided tour of Egyptian antiquities, while urbane and informative, turns the reader into a kind of tourist who, hoping to become intimate with a country, never succeeds in becoming more than familiar with its monuments and spectacles, and is seldom even bitten by a native flea. Deprived of this energising experience, the reader emerges from the book in much the same state as a visitor who has spent too long in a museum: informed, irritable and unheroic. Müller and Lang had more fun.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Up the Unconscious!

The Roots of Crime. By EDWARD GLOVER. *Imago.* 45*s.*

A great humanist and Freudian, Dr Glover has been the pioneer in this country of a scientific approach to the study and treatment of crime. He was one of the founders, in 1931, of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency and of the clinic now known as the Portman Clinic; and later he started, and jointly edited, the *British Journal of Delinquency*. No one has given more time, ink, and energy to the task, heroic even by mythological standards, of rousing the Home Office from its nineteenth-century slumber. *The Roots of Crime*, the second volume of his Selected Papers on Psychoanalysis, is a collection of studies, written over a period of thirty-seven years, on every important aspect of pathological crime; and in the words with which he once ended a review of Aichhorn's classic, *Wayward Youth*, it 'should lie, open, on the desk of all who seek to understand or treat delinquents.'

One of the least remarked cultural trends of the last twenty or thirty years has been the subtle distortion and bowdlerization of Freud's theory of the mind. Basing itself on the insights he achieved, but rejecting all the unpleasant bits, a cosy, rational, 'conscious' psychology now predominates in all official and academic circles. An inevitable consequence is that the young science of criminal psychology has been stunted. At the present time, while an almost transatlantic energy animates research into the environmental, rational causes of delinquency, the investigation of predisposing causes in the unconscious mind is neglected. But crime is one of the playgrounds of the unconscious. The calculation of ratios and percentages, the pedantry of questionnaires, beautiful tabulations about the working hours of delinquents' mothers, will never serve to explain why a certain John Smith is so keen on taking watches to bits that he breaks into houses to steal them. The mind yields its secrets to scientific imagination, not to computing machines. As Dr Glover, more temperately, writes: 'the happy analysis of an isolated dream fragment in an individual case *may* tell us more about the nature of delinquency than a nation-wide survey conducted by however so brilliant a team.' Obviously there is

'brilliant'—Michael Foot, *Daily Herald*
'brilliant'—David Marquand, *The Guardian*
'brilliantly incisive'—*The Scotsman*
'fascinating'—Richard Brett-Smith, *Daily Telegraph*
'pungent and, as far as a foreigner can judge, just'—Evelyn Waugh, *Spectator*.

This is the kind of comment that Richard Rovere's biography is stimulating. It is scarifying, hugely readable, often wildly funny and emphatically the book of the moment. **18s**

Richard Rovere

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

Lorraine Hansberry's play that made theatrical history: the first Broadway production by a Negro authoress and winner of the N.Y. Drama Critics' Circle Award. 'It is funny, thoughtful and relentlessly close to the facts'—Kenneth Tynan. **10s 6d**

KARL BJARNHOF

The Good Light is a beautiful and gripping book. A sequel to that poignant study of a small boy's approaching blindness, *The Stars Grow Pale*, the story now moves from childhood into adolescence, to the discovery of the miraculous world of sight and then total blindness: 'every whit as good as the first book,' said *Time*. **16s**

METHUEN

DEFENCE Policy and Strategy

E. J. Kingston-McCloughry

This important work examines both the principles and the machinery through which the complex structure of defence planning and national strategy is formulated. The author endeavours to establish fundamental criteria for dealing with the probable future situation where our armed forces will know all about the mechanics of their weapons but nothing about the consequences of their use.

25s. *net* ***Ready 25th February***

THE SOVIET BUREAUCRATIC ELITE

A Case Study of the Ukranian Apparatus

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" . . the only book of its kind available in the English language (or, perhaps, in any other)".
Times Literary Supplement

£2 10s. *net* ***Ready 18th March***

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY IN CONTEMPORARY WAR

Maj.-Gen. G. I. Pokrovsky

General Pokrovsky, recognised as Russia's foremost spokesman on space-age military affairs, is a top Soviet nuclear physicist, Professor at the Zhukovsky Air Engineering Academy and a member of the Interplanetary Commission which prepared the sputniks. This book, the first translation into English of any Russian general's views on the roles of science and technology in possible future warfare, examines Soviet military theory on not only the advantages and disadvantages of long-range ballistic missiles but also the merits of the alternative strategic weapons: earth satellites, balloons and long-range bomber aircraft

30s. *net* ***Ready February***

Atlantic Books
STEVENS & SONS

a need for both multi-disciplined research and for individual analysis. Dr Glover stresses this; indeed he criticizes his fellow analysts for being so unclubbable.

The way in which scientific methods have been applied to the treatment of delinquency makes a brighter story. Dr Glover's interesting historical survey of the period 1912-59 testifies to the considerable reforms that have been achieved. But it also shows how stubbornly the prejudices of morality and ignorance have contested every inch of the advance of medical science, and how strong they still are. None of the principal scientific conclusions in this book has been accepted or acted on. The slogans of cant have merely paid tribute to them. Punishment, sometimes called 'corrective training,' is still the most favoured method of treatment. Thousands of pathological offenders are still being punished in penal institutions. In one of his papers on Clinical Research, Dr Glover writes of the damage that is done to criminals by negative counter-transferences. Though he is not to be criticized for using a scientific term in a scientific context, we laymen might prefer to translate this, vulgarly, as lack of charity. For then we can understand why prostitutes, homosexuals, thieves, sexual offenders, etc., constantly meet with negative counter-transferences.

The forces underlying irrational, anxious attitudes to crime are formidably complex. Society, in the interests of stability, needs to have criminals to punish: criminals, seeking their own inner stability, have an unconscious need to be punished by society. It is not enough to concentrate on liberating the criminals from their unconscious morality. The unconscious urges of revengeful, cane-rattling law-abiders equally merit, according to Dr Glover, some psychiatric, and even anthropological, investigation. (Would it not be in Mr Butler's interests to promote this research?) But neither charity nor psycho-analysis will easily break up the macabre marriage between society and its criminals, and it might be more profitable to think in terms of prophylaxis. Nine years ago, Dr Glover submitted to the Home Office a project for a screening service in schools, the aim of which would be to detect, register, and treat, all cases of pre-delinquency. Among other things, he proposed the reinforcement of the present school medical service by psychiatrists, or, where this was not feasible, the compulsory use of local Child Guidance Clinics. Last year, the Home Office managed to take the first step: liaison between itself, the Ministry of Health, and the Ministry of Education was under consideration. Therefore it is not unreasonable to hope that our children's children will see the scheme initiated. How effective it would be is another matter. The existing school medical service has blind spots, and Dr Glover's assumption that the teachers' attitude would be co-operative is generous. The obscurantism of some headmasters of secondary modern schools would warm the heart – pardon the metaphor – of a Lord Chief Justice.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

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A Private War

I Am My Brother. By JOHN LEHMANN. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Good literary editors are rarer than good writers, and more valuable than moderate ones. A good literary editor must combine the patience and sympathy of a schoolmaster with the single-mindedness of a born collector; he must have a nose for the kind of thing he wants and the kind of people who will supply it, and he must be prepared to take infinite trouble to persuade it out of them or to help them to find it in themselves. Like the schoolmaster he must believe in his own protégés. Like the collector he must have a fanatical faith in his own taste. Mr John Lehmann has been one of the good editors of his time. In this second volume of his autobiography he has a sentence which reveals why:

> As so often before in my life, as the war went on I began to be obscurely aware of the forms I believed poetry, novels, art should take to respond to the mood, the undefined spiritual impulses of the time; forms I imagined I could almost seize from the inchoate mists, but not quite, and so must find other poets and artists to create.

It is this ability to keep one pace ahead, that the good editor must cultivate; when he loses it, it is time to pack up.

The special problem revealed in this volume is the problem of being an editor in wartime. And of all the qualities I have mentioned above the most necessary at such a time was fanaticism. It is hard to remember now just how oppressive the cultural climate became with the oncoming of the war. It was a heyday for the backwoodsman bureaucrat and the old type of blockhead military men emerging from obscurity into places of power and itching to show the young good-for-nothing generation what discipline meant. For the intellectuals of the period one of the worst horrors was the regimentation, mental as well as physical, that would surely be involved. The war would clamp down on freedom of expression no less surely than it would clamp down on fredom of action. The blimps would, if they could, enforce conformity of thought as well as conformity of behaviour.

It needed a fanatic to determine not to be shut down, and Mr Lehmann was such a fanatic. It needed a touch of the sacred madness to decide that nothing, absolutely nothing, could be more important in a war than to keep the channels of communication open for imaginative writing, and more than ever so where that writing had nothing directly to do with the war effort.

The end-product of this fanaticism was the *Penguin New Writing*, and there were thousands of people – it sold 80,000 copies a time – to testify how that sixpenny paper-back (sixpenny, notice!) arriving in isolated gunsites, remote airfields, unsympathetic camps, just helped to preserve sanity with its frail reminder that the things one cared for did still exist somewhere. And in London the shifting headquarters of *New Writing* remained a small redoubt against the official mind, a redoubt, too, to which servicemen-writers in transit could repair as they passed through London, sure of a welcome.

How much pertinacity and obstinacy it took to keep that redoubt inviolate and manned, readers of Mr Lehmann's autobiography can guess at least by implication. What is explicit in his pages is the unwavering belief in the over-riding importance of art, however many bombs might fall, and the pleasure in discovering talent and the satisfaction in continuing to provide it with an outlet.

The magazine's responsibility grew as the paper ration contracted. The editor of a journal with an international flavour and a supposed left-wing bias was naturally considered a potential link when the Russians were forced into the war. Rokotov, a former contributor to the pre-war *New Writing*, and now a Russian literary bureaucrat, was early in the field with a telegram:

> TAKE OPPORTUNITY GREET LONGSTANDING FRIEND COMRADE IN ARMS AGAINST NAZI TYRANNY.

And was soon requesting copies of *New Writing* and articles on English writers. But the honeymoon was short. The gap that existed between John Lehmann's conception of the value of literature in wartime and the Russian's was soon exposed by another telegram from Rokotov:

> FOURTH ARTICLE RECEIVED SURPRISED ABSENCE OF FACTS ABOUT MOVEMENT AMONG ENGLISH INTELLECTUALS FOR QUICKER OPENING SECOND FRONT PLEASE GIVE ITS RIGHTFUL SPACE TO THIS IN YOUR NEXT.

But by then Mr Lehmann must, as an editor, have got used to misinterpretation. In the popular mind *New Writing* was exclusively an organ of political literature, and not even the long parade, marshalled in this book, of wholly unpolitical writers he found or fostered is likely to shift that misconception. In fact his judgments have always been literary and aesthetic before they have been political, though in that era of commitment they often overlapped. Mr Lehmann's achievement is to have kept faith with his own literary beliefs in the face of pressures which it must in those days have been hard to resist, and to have found time and energy to do so in between bomb-dodging, firewatching, home guard drilling and choring for the Ministry of Information.

T. C. WORSLEY

Rose Macaulay's novel of seventeenth-century English life, *They Were Defeated*, published in 1932, is reissued by Collins (21*s.*).

New Novels

Mrs Bridge. By EVAN S. CONNELL JR. *Heinemann. 15s.*

The Big Room. By SID CHAPLIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 16s.*

The Hustler. By WALTER S. TEVIS. *Joseph. 13s. 6d.*

The Negotiators. By FRANCIS WALDER. Trans. DENISE FOLLIOT. *Heinemann. 13s. 6d.*

The majority of men, somebody wrote, lead lives of quiet desperation. I suppose that's what most novels are all about. Certainly there can be no life more quiet, or more desperate, than the one described in *Mrs Bridge*, and there is no novel, this week, that is more interesting.

Mrs Bridge is that middle-aged woman we used to see in all those *New Yorker* cartoons, the one who is always at the cat-show or the bridge-party or the Daughters of the Revolution sale of work. This is what happens to her. She toys with Spanish lessons, keeps a scrapbook of elevating thoughts, goes to see *Tobacco Road* and pronounces it 'unnecessary', reads a book of political theory (which she thinks would be better in a magazine digest) and returns it to the library with the observation, 'I can't honestly say I agree with it all, but he's certainly well-informed.' She goes on a trip to Europe, hires and fires a number of chauffeurs, nearly loses her cook, thinks of going in for psychoanalysis, buys a book on how to increase your vocabulary in thirty days. And one day her daughter comes in drunk with her dress unbuttoned, and on another day she finds a pin-up magazine in her son's drawer, and on another day her husband dies. And that's it. That's the book. It's the quiet life, the life that must be led by hundreds of thousands of American women, and you have to keep an ear cocked to catch the low note of despair that is constantly sounding below the ringing of the telephone and the whirr of the electric mixer. The story is told in 116 short chapters, and pretty irritating some of them are – especially the chapter entitled 'Marmalade' in which nothing whatever happens except that the daughter of the house says petulantly that she is sick and tired of orange marmalade, and her mother reminds her that there are lots of little girls who don't have any marmalade at all. After the first 30 or 40 chapters, however, one realises that this is as skilful a piece of literary brick-building as we are likely to get this year, because as Mrs Bridge goes on and on and on with her crass observations about marmalade and Italians and guest-towels and dinner and breakfast and luncheon, the low note rises gradually in volume until it is a high, hopeless, piercing shriek. And still nothing is happening – which is of course the whole point, and which is what makes this an extraordinarily effective and moving novel.

Something has gone badly wrong with Mr Sid Chaplin's *The Big Room*. The theme is promising enough. An enormous family live in one room of an abandoned shooting-box once used by 'the quality'. They have put ropes around the room to divide their various apartments, and across these ropes they quarrel interminably. In order to live in this atmosphere the 15-year-old daughter – who tells the story – has invented new characters for her relatives. Grandfather is Grandpa Noah, mother is Mummy Comfort, uncle is Bligh of the Bounty, father is Stardust, and so on. And the idea is that the girl should eventually discover the real characters of these people behind the fantasy-masks that she has made for them. Unfortunately, this never actually happens, partly because we don't really see the masks in position in the first place, and partly because Mr Chaplin allows his theme to get lost in a great plotty passage about winning the pools and re-opening a lead mine. If he'd kept off the £75,000 jackpot and stuck to the ordinary, dreadful lives of this ordinary, dreadful family in this great room – the quiet desperation theme again – he would really have had something here.

The Hustler is an all-American novel with a straightforward, satisfactory plot. A pool billiard shark, Fast Eddy, comes to town in order to take the pants off a crack pool-player called Minnesota Fats. He wins, and then loses, thousands of dollars in a memorable – and it is memorable – 36-hour marathon game. Fast Eddy goes down fighting, and stays down until a professional gambler teaches him the philosophy that divides the winners from the losers. Then he comes up again, in a way. This could so easily have been just another magazine story, but Mr Tevis's spare, athletic prose lifts it out of that bracket completely. It's not a polished style but a matt-finish style, completely American and curiously effective. I see that Mr Tevis has lectured on 'The Writing of Fiction' at Kentucky University. On this showing, he's got qualifications.

The Negotiators, a Prix Goncourt winner, is an exercise in diplomacy, a novel with CD plates on it. It concerns a fictitious intrigue over the signing of the Peace Treaty between the Huguenots and the King's Party in 1570 – a treaty which M. Walder has deliberately chosen for its obscurity in order to show off, without any historical backfiring, the duplicity and manoeuvring of the negotiator at work. We're inside the mind of the diplomat here, inside the world of the silky voice and the false smile and the criticism masked as praise. There are brilliant passages, defining the art of diplomacy, that could usefully go into a Foreign Office handbook:

> What goes on here, at this table, is only facade and ceremony. The essential takes place elsewhere. There is no approach you do not try in the wings . . . you set about dividing, seducing, organising unavowed alliance around a specific object. You believe in a vulnerable and divided soul, in the inconstancy of all faith . . . you make play with pride, stupidity, ambition, naivety; you take human weakness as your field.

M. Walder is describing a game of international chess that is still played in the United Nations building and at Geneva. And he describes it exquisitely. He has been criticised for writing too well, meaning, I suppose, that he exercises a parsimony rather than an economy of words, that he is painful in his restraint. But there is elegance and wit here, and if he writes too well, I am glad to see him at it.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Recent American paperbacks now available in this country include *Studies in Hysteria*, by Joseph Breuer and Sigmund Freud (Mayflower: Beacon, 12*s*.); a new translation by John Snodgrass of Heine's *Religion and Philosophy in Germany* (Mayflower: Beacon, 12*s*.); Eggleston's *The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century* (Mayflower: Beacon, 12*s*.); *On Modern Poets*, essays by Yvor Winters on Hopkins, Eliot, and others (Mayflower: Meridan, 12*s*.); *The Hero in History*, by Sidney Hook (Mayflower: Beacon, 10*s*.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,564 **Set by Red Setter**

The usual prizes are offered for a duologue embodying a Leap Year proposal and its acceptance or rejection, in the manner of any one of the following: an Elizabethan dramatist, Sheridan, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, John Osborne, an American musical. Limit: 14 lines or 150 words. Entries by 23 February.

Result of No. 1,561 **Set by Barrow Boy**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between two chairs in or on any one of the following: Hyde Park, a quick lunch bar, Brighton Front, a railway station waiting-room, the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, a dressing-room at Covent Garden. Limit 150 words (or 14 lines of verse).

Report

'Nothing like a chair's-eye view for observing the fundamental aspects of human beings,' said H. A. C. Evans's Hyde Park chair; and, indeed, a cynical pygal theme was to be found in most of the entries. D. R. Peddy's parody of Kipling's 'Boots' had point – although that is hardly the right adjective; and Nancy Gunter's railway waiting-room dialogue had some amusing exchanges.

R. Kennard Davis seemed to me to be sitting pretty, a clear-cut winner: he gets three guineas. A guinea each goes to the others printed. The runners-up (or should it be sitters-up?) are, in addition to those quoted above, Donald K. Stonard, P.M., Jeremiah Sowerby, Jim Parrott, Mrs. B. Brocklesby and Stanley J. Sharpless.

Better Books
booksellers
94 Charing Cross Road London

10 Downing Street

I 'Seats of the Mighty' are we? I avow, sirs,
We've come across some curious things in trousers!
II Some ministers win praise and others blame.
But *fundamentally* they're much the some.
I Still, some make more impression, grant me that;
Now Winston carried weight, where'er he sat.
II Clem Attlee followed, lighter than a feather;
He made his mark, but not upon my leather!
I Then, he who came to rule in Churchill's stead
Soon lost his seat – some say he lost his head!
II Well, could our cushions speak, what repercussions
There'd be, with French, Americans and Russians!
I His speeches oft conceal a statesman's mind,
But not from us, for we know what's behind!

R. Kennard Davis

A Dressing-Room at Covent Garden

I Hallo! You here?
II Such a crowd last night, Sir fetched me with his own hands.
I Sir did, eh? An honour!
II Honour, nothing. I've had Gigli sit on me with his own bottom.
I Oh, you're Opera? We're all Ballet here. Rather have a ballerina than a prima donna any day. Strains my poor legs something awful.
II Oh, camp chairs, you lot?
I (offended) I don't know what you mean. We have the ladies in here, and not in trousers, either. There's nothing like a Dame!
II My theory is, chairs fall into two types – visual or aural. You're visual. I'm aural. Are you U or non-U?
I Well, I must confess, though I love our Margot and our Nadia, I'm U really. Never saw a dancer like that one.
II They ever coming back?
I Shouldn't think so. Better ask Sir.
II Too good, eh?
I That's it. I think I'll write to Hochhauser for a new job ...

Janet Kersley

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RED CHINA
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GERALD CLARK's up-to-the-minute report on Red China is the result of his extensive on-the-spot survey. He solemnly warns against the perils of underestimating this dynamic new power. Illustrated 21s
'One of the most shattering and forceful books about contemporary Red China'—New York Times.

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IRVING R. LEVINE's fact-filled book is not about Russian politics, but about what everyday life is like for the ordinary man and woman in the Soviet Union. Illustrated 30s
'A full description of what the average Russian thinks about life and the Soviet Union'—Time and Tide.

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Hyde Park

The wooden folding seat speaks to the deck-chair:
Your licentious career is now nearing its end,
My dear, your canvas is splitting;
Your stays at the back are beginning to warp,
Why, you're not even fit for just sitting.
Mr Graham, my sweet, might have lengthened your life
By a couple of summers or less,
But wrinkles that might have been learned in your arms,
Now show on your seat, dear, I guess.
The deck-chair replies to the wooden folding seat:
You know, as you stretch your wood slats in a smirk,
And I say this without any malice,
That a bonfire will probably be your own end
When The Announcement's made from the Palace.

J. E. Cherry

Railway Waiting-Room

I When I was steadier on my feet,
I was the pride of a dining-room suite:
When I was young, it was my pride
To accommodate many a broad backside.
II Nobody sat on me at all:
I was an ornament in the hall.
My back was too carved, my seat too flat
To accommodate more than gloves and hat.
I What does it matter? No one in his wits
Ever comes here and really *sits*!
Only at night, when the trains are late,
They stand and stare at the empty grate.
BOTH Oh, what have we done, to be lost in the gloom
Of a British Railways waiting-room?

A. M. Sayers

A Quick Lunch Bar

I Someone's spilt some mock chocolate mousse down your right leg, Chairley.
II I know, and it will be hours before any Sitters will be round to wipe me down. Oh, Winifred!
I Closing time. I've got tomato sauce on my seat. It's not what I'm used to. My great-grandmother was a Sedan. She *travelled*. Silk-upholstered, she was. Never had to put up with met mackintoshes and this smell of chips.
II It's all they eat. Something and chips. Makes you sick, seeing them on your seat, scoffing soggy chips. Where's your great-gran now, Winifred?
I Telephone box in a bar off Knightsbridge. It's a come-down but it's better than this.
II Never mind, Winifred. Only two hours till closing. Then we shall be stacked together quietly in a corner all night long. (He sighs) Me stacked on you all night long.
I Oh, Chairley!

E. O. Parrott

City Lights

Home Rails

Stock markets, having nothing much else to do, have been hanging eagerly on the looks of Mr Greene and Sir Brian, vibrating and vacillating with every fresh suggestion that the railway strike is on or off, or on, or off, or on. The long rise in prices has come to an end for the moment: hope is apparently no longer enough, and only time can provide reasons. The setback, however, is likely to be modest by the standards of the past. Few private investors can be bothered to sell, few institutional investors are able to do so. But in a narrow market a mere suspension of buying can push prices down quite sharply for a time. The real test will come when the various pension funds which are still switching into equities pick up the fashion which the insurance companies are already setting and decide to wait a little. For the moment the suckers (and in a share-owning democracy the suckers are right more often than you'd think) are still pushing money into the market as hard as they can through unit trusts and investment clubs. The value of unit trust funds rose by 3½ per cent in January when prices fell by at least 2½ per cent; the three new unit trust issues – particularly the enormously successful Falcon offer – obviously brought in enough new money to prevent the equity market from going very far off the boil.

Wall Street has not set an encouraging example: share prices there have been falling steadily since the beginning of January and are now some 10 per cent below the peak. The drop seems to be due partly to a wish to take things slowly until profits begin to rise towards the forecasts, partly to an irrational fit of the glooms about the business outlook; the announcement that the budget will be in surplus this half-year has been taken as evidence of the administration's wish to kill the boom, the fact that short-term interest rates are falling as evidence that it is already dead. The business outlook, in fact, looks as good as ever, but for some peculiar reason – businessmen building up stocks more slowly than expected? – money has suddenly become easier for the moment and the bill rate has fallen further to 3.6 per cent, nearly a full point below our own rate.

* * *

With the balance of payments surplus probably running at about half the target figure which the Treasury proposed to the Radcliffe committee, and barely sufficient to cover present capital commitments, an increase in exports is essential. With a mild investment boom under way at home, there is a risk of isolated shortages of labour and raw materials developing and pushing up prices: the Chancellor is worried. But his speech to the National Production Advisory Council put a strange emphasis on the responsibility of trade unions and did little to acknowledge the failure of his price-cutting campaign. The modest cut in steel prices on which he complimented the industry is due to the Iron and Steel Board, not to the Federation of British Industries. And if increases in productivity are a result of increased investment, he can hardly expect the unions to play ball with a government which deliberately restricts industrial investment for years on end. If the railway workers are bloody-minded, it is partly to force the government to face up to the problem of the railways. If other workers follow their example, it may help to convince the Chancellor that he cannot shut off the source of higher productivity and then claim that only higher productivity justifies higher wages.

* * *

The threat of a railway strike has not prevented a few other things from happening. Ghana, busy learning how to get itself a

Stock Exchange, has now got itself a rudimentary money market; everybody's first attempts to walk are rather funny. Apparently, too, Mr Nkrumah has now persuaded Kaiser to produce aluminium as soon as the finance for the Volta dam is arranged. Lord Piercy has been singing out of tune what he's been humming to himself for some time past – the risks inherent in long-term lending by the banks to industry. The self-liquidating loan, of course, has been a myth for some time past, and the banks can well afford to increase their percentage of long-term loans. The risk falls not on the bank but on the small firm which relies on a bank loan of indefinite duration and lays itself open to the danger of being pressed for repayment at a time when alternative sources of capital are likely to be scarcer and more expensive. Lazards, finally, is taking over de Steins. Already, in the past year or so, Warburgs has absorbed Seligmans, Philip Hill has absorbed Erlangers, Cater Brightwen and Ryders Discount have merged, Schroders has sold part of its capital to the general public. While the larger brokers are gradually turning themselves into finance houses, the older finance houses are beginning to see the advantages of mergers.

Company News

Spillers the millers is bidding £3.4m cash for *Spratts*: there's big money in dog biscuits. *British Home Stores*, usually a dullish company as stores go, has reported a 23 per cent rise in profits – Woolworths recently reported a rise of 10 per cent – a sizeable increase in dividend, and a proposal for writing up the 1s shares to 5s. *Wagon Finance* shares have been marked down sharply; the full report may make better reading than the preliminary figures, but the market reckons a 13 per cent increase in profits disappointing from an HP finance company. *Power-Gas* has announced profits a third higher and a dividend raised from 20 to 30 per cent; it is obviously doing as well as *Davy-United*, another manufacturer of engineering capital goods with which it is still discussing a merger. *Ilford*, which is working with *Imperial Chemical* on colour photography, reports that its profits have fallen in spite of increased sales; the dividend is up, however, and the fall in profits is probably due to development expenditure. *P & O* has maintained its dividend, though its profit is halved; the dividend, to judge from the preliminary figures, has been financed out of the tax saving on investment allowances. The present trading position is said to be more satisfactory, but there is no firm forecast about the future. *Decca's* £4.5m debenture issue brought in £26m of applications. The *Queen Anne Building Society* is cutting lending and borrowing rates at a time when other societies are wondering if they will have to raise them later in the year: the society has a high reserve ratio.

British Oxygen seems to have another good year ahead of it. The increase in steel production will help oxygen sales and offset the effect of competition on profit margins, while the outlook for the overseas companies is unreservedly promising; the interim dividend is to go up. *Crabtree Electrical* has finally raised its dividend after six years of notorious restraint. The chairman of *Stewarts and Lloyds*, having just made one issue, is hinting at another some time in the future. There are people who will be relieved to hear his opinion that the threat of nationalisation has not yet disappeared.

TAURUS

F. W. WOOLWORTH AND CO., LIMITED

GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR

The following are the salient features of the statement by Mr. R. J. Berridge (Chairman), circulated to Stockholders:

Last year I expressed the view that 1959 could well be an outstanding year for your Company.

Profits indeed advanced solidly—in fact, to a golden level—as a result of turnover climbing to a new record by a wide margin. The improvement in business was fairly uniform throughout the year

STORE EXPANSION

Considerable progress again was made in opening additional stores and modernising and enlarging existing stores.

In the five years since building licences were finally abolished expenditure on Fixed Assets has amounted to the formidable figure of £35,000,000, all provided out of the Company's funds.

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS

Net Profit from all stores for the year before Taxation amounted to £28,283,712 compared with £25,597,085 for 1958, an increase of £2,686,627 or 10.50%.

Net Profit after Taxation is £14,003,746 against £12,035,245.

The proposed Appropriation to General Reserve is £2,000,000, continuing the practice of previous years.

The Final Dividend recommended on Ordinary Stock is 1s. 7d. per unit compared with 1s. 4d., and the total Dividend for 1959 is 2s. 3d. per unit against 2s. 0d. per unit.

A special Golden Jubilee Cash Bonus of 4d. per unit of Ordinary Stock was paid last August.

The resulting Balance Carried Forward is £9,584,425 or £2,132,669 more than the comparable Balance a year ago.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET

REVENUE RESERVES total £20,834,425 against £16,701,756.
CAPITAL RESERVE remains unchanged at £8,081,474.
FIXED ASSETS increased to £60,755,391 against £53,918,215.
NET CURRENT ASSETS at £14,997,108 compare with £16,697,225 at the end of 1958.

OUTLOOK FOR 1960

Unlike those businesses which have order books, any assessment in regard to your Company's prospects must be based solely on the support which we expect to receive from the shopping public.

I see no reason why we should not receive that support in full measure.

Thanks to the efforts of all sections of our buying force, the merchandise in your Company's stores is ever improving in quality, variety and value for money.

In our organisation we have a team which is second to none in keenness and loyalty.

A material increase in expenses during the year (mainly in respect of wages) seems inevitable, but, assuming nothing adverse happens, I believe you will not be dissatisfied with the Accounts for 1960.

COMPANY MEETING

ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

(Worsted Spinners and Manufacturers)

YEAR OF GROWTH AND INCREASING ACTIVITY

The 40th annual general meeting of Illingworth, Morris & Company, Limited was held on February 4 at Bradford, The Rt Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, PC, JP (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The year under review has been one of growth and of continual and increasing activity. In October 1958 your Company increased its holding and thereby acquired over 60 per cent of the Ordinary Shares of the famous concern of Salts (Saltaire) Limited.

The net profit of the Group for the year, after taxation, is £508,576. A final dividend of 14 per cent, less income tax, is proposed (making a total distribution for the year of 20 per cent).

The Group Current Assets now amount to £11,191,861, showing an excess of £6,181,349 over Current Liabilities and Dividend, and the Group Revenue Reserves are now shown at £696,392.

A remarkable improvement occurred in the Worsted Industry in the early months of 1959. Business remains very good and the fact that prices have kept reasonably steady is healthy.

Our main difficulty is the acute shortage of labour (particularly of female labour) throughout the industry.

It would seem that we are on the threshold of a new era in Worsted Spinning. Your directors and their technical staff are giving their closest attention to all the new techniques and developments which are becoming increasingly available. It could be that in these new techniques and method of working will be found the solution, or at any rate a partial solution, to the problem of labour shortage.

We have already completed the first three months trading of the current financial year, and the results so far are considerably better than for the same period of last year. I do think that we may look forward with some confidence and optimism to the current year's trading.

The report was adopted.

Presenting . . . .
"botel cruises"
. . . a new concept of river cruising by the botels' "Amsterdam" and "Arnhem" carrying 60-80 passengers in first-class comfort through the sunshine of the Rhineland visiting four countries — **Holland, Germany, France and Switzerland** — in 15 days of delightful relaxation. Inc. fare from London with excursions from 59 gns. from May to October. Please send for our Brochure **'botel cruises'.**
cornelder's
114, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1
GERrard 6336

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Write for our free booklet explaining all modern methods of Family Planning. Sent post free under plain cover with details of our Confidential Postal Service.
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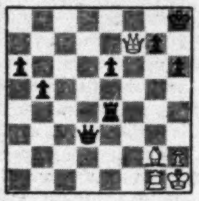
Please send your free booklet under plain, sealed cover.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
.... NS/4

The Chess Board

No. 535. Teaching the Tyro

There can be no doubt about the best way—perhaps the only way—for the beginner to get the proper 'feel' of chess and, at the same time, a growing interest in the game. He must be acquainted, as quickly and as entertainingly as possible, with the principal mate (and stalemate) patterns and with instructive examples of pin, fork, discovered check and so on. In recent years, a good many books and booklets have been serving this very purpose, but none more usefully (and inexpensively) than the 'Tactics for Juniors' pamphlets issued by the Chess Education Society. This most commendable organisation (linked with the BCF) has issued ten pamphlets on subjects such as various forks and mates, pins, 'destroying the guard' etc., selling at 2d. each and at even more reduced prices (55s. for 500, £5 for 1,000) when ordered in quantities for use in schools. Each pamphlet contains 8 or 9 positions graded in difficulty and ably selected (or devised) by the Society's Hon. Secretary, S. Morrison, in collaboration with R. G. Wade and R. Bott. While, obviously, the easier 'puzzles' are rather more primitive than our 4-pointers for beginners, here is one of the slightly more complex ones which might well serve as A this week. I rather like it for its didactic value, for what matters is for White to avoid the more obvious move which merely leads to a draw, and to find the little subtlety which forces the win. I hope the C.E.S. will continue this useful work, perhaps by producing a slightly more elaborate set of pamphlets (at 4d. or 6d. if need be) for the slightly more advanced player. As for the crass tyro, an interesting book of *Fred Reinfeld's* has just been published, *Chess Victory Move By Move* (Mayflower, 15s.). Considering that the book contains as many as 250 diagrams (or, rather 'player - view illustrations' giving a proper picture of board and men for each move), it is probably cheap at the price, but the question remains whether such abundance is really necessary. The tyro, after all, would (and should!) set up a board and men anyway, when going through those instructive chapters on basic checkmates, checkmate in actual play and early checkmate possibilities. At the end there are two brevities well picked for the didactic value which Reinfeld's move-by-move elucidation should give them for the beginner. Here's one:



(1) P-K4, P-Q3; (2) P-Q4, Kt-Q2; (3) B-QB4, P-KKt3; (4) Kt-KB3, B-Kt2; (5) BxP ch, KxB; (6) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-B3; (7) Q-B3 mate

And here's the other one, equally well picked for its purpose.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) B-Q3, Kt-B3; (4) P-K5, KKt-Q2; (5) P-K6, PxP; (6) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; (7) QxKtP ch etc.

B and **C** are both 1st prize-winners, both wins and none too easy for 6 & 7 ladders-points.
B: M. Havel, 1926: k4b2/24/6b1/6B1/6R1/6K1/.
C. H. Mattison, 1928: /7k/6b1/Pr5Kt/1P6/16/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 22 February.

REPORT on No. 532. Set 23 January

A: He should have pushed the KtP.

B: (1) K-B3, B-R7; (2) R-QR4, B-Kt6; (3) R-R8 ch! etc.

C: (1) B-B6 ch, K-R2; (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R3; (3) R-B7, K-Kt3; (4) R-B8, Kt-B3; (5) BxB, K-Kt2!; (6) R-K8, K-B2; (7) R-R8, K-Kt2; (8) B-B6 ch! etc.

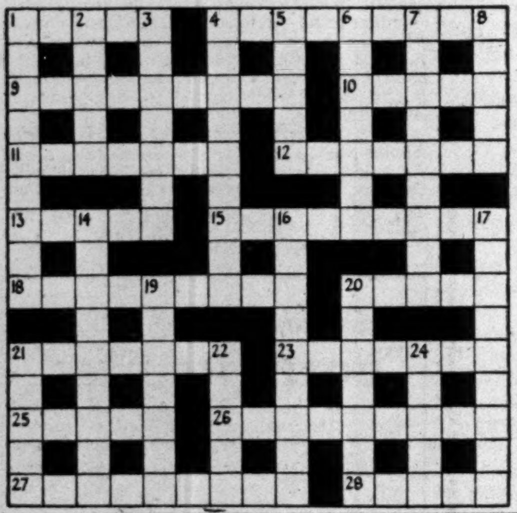
If (3) . . . Kt-B3; (4) BxB, KtxB; (5) R-Q7 etc.

Quite a few correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, H. Garfath, M. M. Kennedy, W. T. Maccall, F. R. Oliver, B. Silver. In the 42nd ladder decade: 1st W. T. Maccall (825), 2nd C. Sansom (822), 3rd C. Allen (727), 4th W. M. Hancock (717). They all go back to scratch.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 392

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 392, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 23 February.



ACROSS

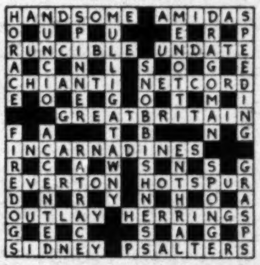
1. May has match interrupted by start of tea (5).
4. Making mother love pure, but proverbial of insecurity (9).
9. Came before in being wanted at Edinburgh (9).
10. Rekindled among more literary figures (5).
11. The prohibitions among the ancients (7).
12. Demanded medical treatment (7).
13. Get strong suit (5).
15. Women with strange secrets at heart (9).
18. Copies translated by a friend of the bishop (9).
20. Animal which provides one with something to wear in front (5).
21. Woman provides delicious food without a party (7).
23. Italians who are negative among the birds (7).
25. Black oppressor of the black (5).
26. 'His —— adjusted her garter' (Flanders) (9).
27. The body is revealed in minor entertainments (9).
28. Estimated distribution of trade (5).

DOWN

1. Devise furniture suitable for the garden (9).
2. Small part for bird and man (5).
3. The reinforcements come up in a storm looking pleased (7).
4. An experiment in moisture gives a sign of time (9).
5. Wine which puts me on the doctor (5).
6. Part of a dress with a dip in the middle (7).
7. Illness with lights in the heart (9).
8. Famous but not up to Ray's standard (5).
14. Cook's territory in Europe? (9).
16. Messages which put a member on the right into cooperative groups (9).
17. Hughes rushed up with a penny for the plant (9).
19. Possibly count as effort (7).
20. Outline to study on the trip (7).
21. Inquire in writing for the disguises (5).
22. Foreign friend has nothing more than a plane (5).
24. Precise as the centre of love making (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 390



H	A	N	D	S	O	M	E	■	A	M	I	D	A	S
O	■	U	■	P	■	U	■	■	■	E	■	R	■	P
R	U	N	C	I	B	L	E	■	U	N	D	A	T	E
A	■	C	■	N	■	L	■	S	■	O	■	G	■	E
C	H	I	A	N	T	I	■	N	E	T	C	O	R	D
E	■	O	■	E	■	G	■	O	■	T	■	M	■	I
■	■	■	G	R	E	A	T	B	R	I	T	A	I	N
F	■	A	■	■	■	T	■	B	■	■	■	N	■	G
I	N	C	A	R	N	A	D	I	N	E	S	■	■	■
R	■	C	■	A	■	W	■	S	■	N	■	S	■	G
E	V	E	R	T	O	N	■	H	O	T	S	P	U	R
D	■	N	■	R	■	Y	■	N	■	H	■	O	■	A
O	U	T	L	A	Y	■	H	E	R	R	I	N	G	S
G	■	E	■	C	■	■	■	S	■	A	■	G	■	P
S	I	D	N	E	Y	■	P	S	A	L	T	E	R	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 390
Dr R. L. Meek (Glasgow, W2)
Miss K. Hanney (Falmouth)
Miss R. M. Bax (London)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD Heathside flat, charm. 18th cent. hse, 4 rms, kit., bathrm, share reas. rent. Tel: Ed. Lewis, WAT 4922, Ext 2.

TO let: suit prof. lady or gentleman - either a share of newly dec. furn. flat or one lge divan-sit. room. 2 mins. Finchley Rd Station. Tel.: MAI. 3122, 6-8 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge pleas. b/s. with annexe. Use lge kit. C.h.w. No restrictions. Congenial. 2 mins Finchley Rd tube. Mod. rent. KIL. 0728.

NEWLY-dec. nicely furn. rooms (large room, dble bed, £4; smaller room, sgle bed, £3), divan beds, h.c.w., cookers, use of frig., tel., bath. 4 mins Hampstead Hth & 24, 639 buses Congenial atmosphere. No petty restrctns. GUL. 5941 evgs/wkends.

HAMPSTEAD. Contemp. furnished s/c. flat, two rooms, bath, kitchenette. 6½ gns. MAI. 4583.

MEWS flat Lanc. Gate. Bach. to share with 3 others. 3 gns. plus share exps., phone &c. AMB. 6181 after 8 or weekends.

LARGE b/s. rm, modern block, all mod. cons. WC1 area. £3 3s. Box 2286.

HAMPSTEAD studio; twin-divans, balcony, share phone box, k & b with 2 males. 6 gns. HAM. 1547 or SWI. 2318.

HIGHGATE. Large flatlet private house, £3 incl. some service. Retired lady prefd. 72 Cromwell Ave, N6. MOU 9906.

BLOOMSBURY. Large room with own kitchen 5 gns. Another £4. Box 2254.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont.

FURN. double bed-sit., sep. kit. V. reasonable. Teachers pref. FIN. 1426.

HAMPSTEAD & surrounding areas - good quality flats & rooms always available. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM 0027 (10-7).

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Large sgle rm. £3. HAMpstead 8109 after 4 or wkends.

LGE flatlet/kitchenette, h. & c., suit 2. 4 gns, nr Highgate Tube. TUD. 0516.

BED-sit., share kit., bath, house of young people. £2 10s. incl. BAT. 5875.

PUTNEY Hill. Large furn. bed-sit., quiet house. New dec., bay win., h. & c., gas ring. 8 mins buses, tube. £3 including electric light & bath. PUT. 3030.

MUSWELL Hill: to let furn., comf. dble & sgle bed-sitters. All home conveniences. Suit foreign students or prof. ladies. Single £3, double £4. 'Phone TUD. 6823.

WC1 overlooking gdn two-room flat, 8 April-4 June. £6 10s. Box 2106.

SHARE large flat Hampstead offered yng man. One/two priv. rooms. C.h.w. Garden. Mod. cost. Box 2075.

AVAILABLE 1 March in superior house, furn. flat comprising large lounge, bedroom, kit., bath. C.h.w., light, gas for ckg, linen. 80 gns a quarter. MAC. 3532.

ATTRACT. bed-sit. to let, el. fire & ring. Residential, suit bus. person. Near Willesden Green Stn. Tel.: WIL. 2305.

GOLDERS Gr. 2 sgle rms, own b., cen. h., ckg fac. 3 & 3½ gns. SPE. 3328.

LGE well furn. room. Service, linen, etc. 2½ gns. Suit gentleman. MAC. 1755.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont.

NEWLY decorated bed-sit. room, 2 mins Golders Green Stn. Gas ring/fire, linen, once wkly serv. SPE. 9488 (not Sats).

UNFURN. newly conv. 3-rmd ground floor flat, kit, bathrm, use garden. Either £5 10s. p.w. or £4 p.w. with £175 for conversion (on 3 years' contract). Congenial atmosphere. GUL 5941 evgs/wkends.

TO let: bedroom, sitting-room & bathrm in newly-built private house. Full brd provided. All modern amenities incl. lift. Unique countrylike situation but only 25 mins from town centre. Box 2076.

WELL furn. lge b/s. gd ckg facs. sh. bath. Suit 1 or cple. Mod. rent. LAD. 3031.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PROF. woman seeks to buy or rent 2 roomed unfurn. flat with use garden, Ldn. Highgate, Hampstead pref. Box 2108.

LAWYER with yng family reqs characterful 4 bed. house/conversion with gdn. Radius 12 miles Charing Cross. Box 2111.

METALLURGIST/wife req. furn. flat, k., no ch. Putney. Max. £4. Box 2186.

ARCHITECT & musician wife with small child require flat or house (pref. unfurnished) within reas. distance Regent's Pk Undergnd. Tel. VIG. 1474 morns.

YOUNG couple seek pt/unf. flat from Easter, 2 rms, own k. & b. Easy reach central London. Mod. rent. Box 2263.

NORWEGIAN couple with child arriving 7 March require small flat to 22 May in NW London. Approx. 6 gns. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027 (10-7).

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—cont.

POSTGRADUATE stud. Englishwoman, seeks accommodation for self, 2 small children and nursemaid, preferably within reach H'smith/Barnes, but anything W. London considered. Part furnished flat preferred, but suggestions welcome. Civilised family. Box 2206 or AS.9 4643 evenings.

TEACHER reqs modern s/c. unfurn. flat, 3 rooms etc. N. London. Up to about £6. Consider financial agreement. Box 2204.

CANADIAN journalist & wife, expecting child, require furn. self-cont. flat, 1 bedroom. £6-£7. Central. FLA. 6159.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

HAMPSTEAD Village. 4-roomed flat in exch. for flat in Bloomsbury. Rental value abt £8 or £1,500 for lease. Box 2203.

PROPERTY TO LET

COTTAGE, modernised, part-furn. £3 p.w. incl. Selbourne/Alton area. Rural but not isolated. Sleep 2/3, suit artists/writers or retired couple. Car space. Long let prefd. Box 2002.

SCHOOLS

PARENTS requiring detailed and up-to-date information on schools and careers for boys should consult 'The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book 1960'. This is the official reference book of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Ltd., 4 Soho Square, London, W1, and all booksellers. 25s. net (26s. 9d. inclg postage).

PERSONAL

FAMILY offer rent-free small pleasant room and use of self-contained flat of old but active mother in their Highgate Village house. No special duties but occasional presence reqd, particularly week-ends when family sometimes away. Box 2077.

WE aim to develop communities of families, single people, different occupations, ages, under one roof. Shared domestic and recreational facs. Joint house ownership. S.a.e. to Community Living Association, 54 Hillfield Rd, London, NW6.

GREECE private party 12 May. Athens hotel & island villa. 3 wks meals, accom., excursions & travel via Italy; only 54 gns. Matthews, 11 Park Tce, Cambridge.

BACHELOR 34, bilingual Engl./Ger., 12 years in highly skilled indust. job, welcomes suggestions for changing to career better suited to his intelligence & capability. E. Adam, 180 Adelaide Rd, NW3.

KURZSCHRIFT - English version. Intensive course required immediately, minimum 2 nights wkly. Group or private lessons Expd teacher only considered. State terms & outline curriculum: Box 1941.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

WANTED by young couple with fully equipped vehicle - two others to share the hazards & expenses of land journey to East Africa. As soon as possible. Box 1915.

TO Anthropologists and others. Taking for granted that our familiar European variety of supernaturalism marks the end of a long period of evolutionary growth of human understanding on young-child, nursery levels - entirely natural and now outgrown: awards totalling 50 gns are offered - by anonymous rationalist - for essays providing the most enlightening interpretation of the lines along which future development must be achieved. Drift becomes increasingly dangerous - there is urgent need for vision armed with authority. Entries up to 31/3, Box 2151.

4¼% Interest (tax paid) Invest in a Society with a proud policy; loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, E. Twickenham, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Marlowe, MP

AYNG painter, ex Slade, Rome scholar accepts oil paintg commns. Box 2185.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to literature and leisure. Box 2107.

COSTA Brava. Villas and Flats to let at Blanes. Rents from £12 per fortnight. British references to properties always offered. Special facs from April to June Dtls: Dr J. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, technical articles, etc. Box 314.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

FOREIGN Languages on Records, Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books, French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses; 3 LP records, 2 books, French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd., (Dept Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, W1.

MERCIFUL release for incurable sufferers is the aim of the Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write The Court Surgical Stores Ltd. 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester 2.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

WRITE to sell - once you Know-How! No Sales - No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from a free subscription to The Writer. Send for interesting free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, W1.

IF you want a Portable Typewriter and don't wish to pay for it now, get one from us for a small deposit and let the hire purchase company worry! Write or 'phone Universal Supplies Co., 16 College Crescent, NW3. HAT. 2004.

WRITERS needed for TV. Television Writing School provides the most professional course of training. Apply Dept 172, 14 Sackville St, W1.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

SHIRTS made to measure from 30s. Wide choice of patterns from A. O. Garstang Ltd, 2 Corporation Street, Blackburn.

PERSONAL—continued

ALDERMASTON. Would some kind supporter offer basement or large room which can be used as workshop until Easter? Ring TER. 0284. London Region CND.

TEACHING in Essex. If you teach in Essex you can live within easy reach of London, the Coast and the Countryside. Almost 50% of Essex teachers are eligible for the London Allowance. See the Essex advertisements each week in the educational press or write for brochure 'Teaching in Essex' to the Chief Education Officer, (Dept SN), County Offices, Chelmsford

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8. (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1. (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition

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You may hate sailing (or mules) but in any case you should write or telephone for our 48-page programme. There are a lot of other interesting holidays which you will want to know about.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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CAMBRIDGE ski-ing party. Easter, Czechoslovakia. 14 dys, £38. Box 2202.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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COTSWOLD'S climate kinder. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester, Glos. C.h., log fires, gd food, comf rms, h. & c., fine parkland w. magnificent views. 8-11 gns.

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HOVE. Excel. accom. close sea. Very gd food, every comf. From 5½ gns. Haggith, 25 Rutland Gardens. Tel. 39493.

CORNWALL, Ye Olde Vicarage, St. Hilary, Goldsithney, nr Penzance. Cntry Guest Hse in own grds. H. & c. all rms. Bk early. Mrs. Varker, Germoe 3193.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, nr sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

LUXURY Family Holiday at Sinah Warren country club by the sea. Unmatched comfort and amenities. Children welcome—experienced nannies supervise day and night. Excellent cuisine (room service available), a host of exciting sports, cabarets, nightly dinner dances. Illus. brochure from: Dept NS.3, Sinah Warren, Hayling Island, Hants. Tel. Hayling 77272.

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THREE Tuns, St Keverne, Cornwall. Bed, breakfast, dinner 8-9 gns. Village inn. Coast 2 miles.

KESWICK. The Statesman and the Archduke after a day on the Fells. Comfortable beds & good brkfasts: 15s. Box 2205.

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In restful setting, glorious coastal scenery, Blackpool Bay. Ideal Spring holiday. All amenities. Own produce. Watkins.

ENGLISH family motoring West Ireland Easter: Country estate, fishing, sea fishing, boats, islands, mountains, lakes, glens, beaches, ponies. Ceilidhe music. Teenagers welcome. Prynne, 56 Holyhead Road, Coventry. Tel: 20692.

WEST Coast of Ireland. Spend your 1960 holidays here & stay at Avondale House, on Clew Bay, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

FLORENCE. Quiet sunny rooms, all comforts, exquisite cooking, near centre of town, full pension 2,500 lire. Half pension 2,000 lire. Signora A. Orlandi, V. Benedetto Marcello 57, Firenze, Italy.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany Kery-vonn Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.). Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

OBERHOFEN, Lake of Thun, Hotel Schlössli. Perfect situation on lakeside, adjoining landing-stage; superb views of Bernese Oberland; h & c in all bedrooms; first-class cuisine. Pension terms (incl.) 17-24 fr. per day; with bath 25-28 fr. Reduced rates for April, May, Sept. and Oct.

ROMAN Holiday. Comfortable rooms with breakfast near Colosseum 23s. (Not during Olympic Games). Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INSTRUCTOR BRANCH, ROYAL NAVY

Applications are now invited for Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. The primary requirement is for men of good personal qualities with degrees (or the equivalent) in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering, but graduates in Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography or English will also be considered. An additional requirement exists for non-graduates with teaching qualifications.

Service in the Instructor Branch combines all the advantages of life in the Royal Navy - e.g., comradeship, travel, a wide variety of cultural and sporting activities, a high standard of living, responsibility, etc. - with the opportunity to utilise scientific, technological and professional qualifications at all levels.

The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy.

Note also:—

- Students in their final year may apply.
- Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years and may be extended up to 12 years.
- £405 tax free gratuity after a Short Service Commission for 3 years, and pro rata for longer.
- Starting pay is £511 p.a., rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620 p.a. rising to £839 p.a. for 1st and 2nd Class Honours Graduates). This is augmented where appropriate by generous allowances, so that at the age of 30, a married Honours graduate could earn about £1,750 p.a.
- Service in the Instructor Branch qualifies for Burnham Scale increments, and may be recognised for the purposes of the Teachers' Superannuation Acts.
- Short Service Officers may apply for Permanent Commissions.
- Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old, and medically fit.

For further details apply to:—
Director, Naval Education Service
(P/13),
Admiralty, London, SW1.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worth while career for men and women in an expanding service. One year courses are provided at the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Durham (King's College, Newcastle), Leicester, Liverpool, Southampton, and the London School of Economics. Men and women with University qualifications in social science are eligible to be considered for all courses. Qualified teachers, health visitors and graduates in other subjects are also invited to apply but generally can be considered only for a somewhat longer course. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. Write to the Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1. For courses starting in October, 1960, candidates should apply now, and in any case not later than 1 March, 1960

SOLICITOR OR BARRISTER

required in Legal Department at the London Headquarters of a large Industrial Corporation. The post which offers good prospects would suit a recently qualified man (including a March finalist) of high ability and energy. The successful applicant will be engaged initially in work of a commercial nature, but will have opportunities of gaining wider experience in common law, parliamentary and other work. The initial salary will probably be between £900 and £1,000, but more would be paid if the applicant's experience justified it. There are good prospects of early promotion for the right man. The post is superannuable. Write giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience to Box 2279.

Closing date 29 February, 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

Applications are invited from

QUALIFIED WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS

(28-50 years) for non-resident appointments as Welfare Officers for work with children for

(1) Eastern suburbs of London and part of Essex.
(2) Relief duties for Eastern and Northern Counties.
(3) Middlesex.

Candidates C. of E. or Free Church should possess Social Science Diploma or equivalent and have subsequent experience in Boarding Out, Case Work and Girls Aftercare and hold current driving licence. Apply giving full details of qualifications, age and experience to Miss Scott, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E1.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITALS FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

Applications are invited for the appointment of a

PSYCHOLOGIST

to give assistance to the Senior Psychologist at The National Hospital, Queen Square, London, WC1. The appointment is full-time. An Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) is essential and postgraduate experience would be an advantage, though an appointment at probationer level may be considered.

The appointment is for a period of one year in the first instance. Salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale. Applications, giving the names of two referees, to be sent to the Secretary to the Board of Governors, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1, not later than 29 February, 1960.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts:—

LECTURER IN SOCIAL SCIENCE
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TWO LEVERHULME RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS

Salary scales, according to age, qualifications and experience:

Lectureships: £900 x £50 to £1,350 x £75 to £1,650.

Fellowships: £900 to £1,200 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (6 copies) must be sent by 5 March, 1960.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Applications are invited for the post of EXTRA MURAL STAFF TUTOR to be resident in Stafford.

Main teaching subjects in one or more of following: History, Geography, Sociology, Philosophy. Subsidiary subjects, including Philosophy or History of Science, will be of interest.

Salary £750-£1,650: starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience.

Particulars and application forms from: Secretary, Delegacy for Extra Mural Studies, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

Closing date: 27 February, 1960.

CAMPAIGN for Nuclear Disarmament reqs audio/shorthand/typist. Applicns: P. Duff, 2 Carthusian St, EC1. CLE 5146.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for a new post as Social Worker attached to this office. Duties will include family case work and interviewing some men on release. Salary as for Probation Service. Further details available from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. Closing date: 7 March, 1960.

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Wanted for University Research Dept in Ontario, Canada. Salary and security excellent. Posts may be discussed in London during February. Send full particulars to Box 2207.

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APPLICATIONS TO REACH DR W. A. BELSON, LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE, HOUGHTON STREET, WC2, WITHIN 10 DAYS OF THE APPEARANCE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

THE HANSARD SOCIETY FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT

The Council invite applications for position of Director of Studies. Salary in region £1,000 p.a. or a little more depending on experience and qualifications. Write for full particulars to the Secretary, The Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government, 79/80 Petty France, London, SW1.

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL CENTRE

Applications are invited for the post of non-residential Warden to open and develop a recreational centre in Cambridge for overseas students, starting 1 April or earlier. Salary £600 to £1,000 according to qualifications and experience. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, CIC, 8 Market Hill, Cambridge.

'WOMAN'

Experienced woman sub editor required as deputy to the Chief Sub. Preferred age late 20's, early 30's. NUJ. Please give particulars of experience. Applications to Editor's Secretary, 'Woman,' 189 High Holborn, London, WC1.

ART OF MOVEMENT STUDIO (Recognised by the Ministry of Education)

Applications are invited for the post of LECTURER (Pelham Scale) for September, 1960. Apply in writing before 24 February, giving full details of professional training and of educational experience, to the Principal, Art of Movement Studio, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey.

COLLEGE Secretary required. Previous University experience desirable. Salary offered in the scale of £530-£850 according to qualifications. Apply with age and details of previous experience to the Bursar, St Antony's College, Oxford.

GRANADA TV Network is now broadcasting the second series of 'Discovery'—the schools programmes for Science Sixth Forms—and requires a person with knowledge and experience of the educational world to superintend them and future educational activities. Scientific training, and some knowledge of Television or other visual aids to education would be an advantage, but are not essential. Write, giving full details of qualifications and experience to: Sir Gerald Barry, Granada TV Network, Manchester 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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BBC requires Current Affairs Talks Producer (Sound Broadcasting) in London. Essential qualifications include good education and lively interest in current thinking and events. Candidates should be well-informed on some special aspect of present-day affairs, and an understanding of the problems of broadcasting is highly desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.56. N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of Russian. Applications are invited for a newly established Chair of Russian. The Professor should be a person whose native language is English. (The Departmental Staff will include a Lecturer whose native language is Russian). Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 30 April, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess either an Honours or a Postgraduate Degree in Political Science and experience in research. Salary £A2,160/£A2,510 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 12 March, 1960.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for the appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 20 February, 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LCC Poplar Technical College, Secondary Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11 plus to 16 plus)—qualified masters required for (a) Chemistry (graded post, allowance £150) (b) Woodwork and (c) General Subjects (particularly history and geography). Burnham P. & S. salary scale £520 x £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London Allowance £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 24 February. (139).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited from women for residential post of teacher or supervisor at Remand Home for 19 girls, near Chelmsford. Ability to teach simple hand-work and to provide other organised activities and games for girls. Also general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £216 per year for extraneous duties, less £120 board and lodging. Salary for supervisor within the range of £560-£640 per year less £120 board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for post of Vocational Guidance Officer to assist in advisory work for older school leavers. Candidates should possess University degree. Experience in Youth Employment work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary, APT Division III-IV, £880 × £35/40/50-£1,220 p.a., plus London Allowance. Commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application form obtainable on receipt of SAE from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Applications to be returned by 19 February, 1960.

IMAGINATIVE, enterprising qualified teacher required for post of Assistant Teacher at Brentwood School, St Leonards on Sea, for 30 delicate girls aged 9 to 16. Interest in adolescents handicapped by recurrent ill health essential; candidates should (preferably) have had experience in residential work and be prepared to undertake extraneous duties (full board and lodging given in return). Salary according to Burnham Scale for Special Schools; Government superannuation scheme. Applications to Invalid Children's Aid Association, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOCIAL Worker. Surrey County Council invite applications from almoners and other suitably qualified social workers for 2 new posts offering wide scope for caseworkers in family social service (part-time workers considered). Successful candidates will be required to work within a team of social workers, each under a medical officer in his or her own area of the County. Salary and conditions of service as for almoner-in-sole-charge - Whitley Council (PTA) scale. Applications, with names of three referees, to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames (Kingston 1050, Ext. 132) by 29 Feb., 1960.

ESSEX. Woodford Youth Centre, St Barnabas Road, Woodford Green. A full-time Warden is required as soon as possible for this large Youth Centre. Candidates should hold a degree, social science diploma, or teaching certificate and must have had experience in youth work. Salary in accordance with Grade V of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £1,025 × £30 (6) × £20 (1) to £1,225 p.a., plus London Allowance. The scale will be subject to additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Salaries Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Further details and application form (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 26 February, 1960.

THE Mulberry Bush School (a special school for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) at Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire, requires a resident deputy Matron. The successful applicant will be a member of the treatment team. Good salary and adequate free time. Apply to the Principal. (Telephone Standlake 202.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker, whole-time or part-time, in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt Western Road, Glasgow, W2, not later than 29 February, 1960.

SOCIAL worker (female), with knowledge of family case work, required as Secretary to the Dagenham Personal Service Council. Salary according to experience - minimum £450 per annum. 5 day week. Membership of Social Workers' Pension Fund available. Applications to be received, within 10 days of the issue of this advertisement, by the Chairman, 358 Heathway, Dagenham, Essex.

HOUSEMOTHER with previous experience or training required to take charge of Home at Romford, Essex for 10 boys and girls. Salary £450 + £20 to £550 less £120 for emoluments + £30 for certificate. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ORGANISER for old people's workrooms. Interesting and absorbing job for woman capable of administering workrooms in voluntary organisation for elderly people who attend for two hours morning and afternoon five days a week. Duties include seeking suitable work and allocating and supervising it. Hours 9.30 a.m.-5 p.m. Salary: £550 per annum. Applications stating age, experience with elderly people etc. and supplying two testimonials to Town Clerk, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, SW2, not later than 24 February.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. The Headmaster invites immediate applications for the following posts. This is a demanding School Community with scope for men and women teachers of vigour with ideas and ideals. Burnham Scale; Government Superannuation. (1) For May: Mistress to teach Girls' Physical Education throughout the school. Tennis and Lacrosse are the main games. (2) For September: Senior Biology Master or Mistress. Interest in field work and the subject as a living study is important. Two new Biology Labs. are to be built this year. Alternatively an Assistant Master or Mistress to teach Sciences (some Physics, Chemistry and Biology) up to 'O' Level GCE. (3) For September: Resident Master (single) to take Junior School Woodwork and help with Games. For this post formal teaching qualifications, though not despised, are less important than enthusiasm and willingness to learn.

A WARDEN/Director for a social and educational Centre for young persons is being sought. The Centre will be in the South London Metropolitan Area. Good organising ability, wide interests, sense of humour and a willingness to experiment are needed. Salary scale £800 to £900 per annum. Write to Box 2162.

ASSISTANT Organiser Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council. Appointment to be made in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Commencing salary £560 per annum. Application Forms to be obtained from W. G. White, Secretary/Agent, Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council, 59 Bethel St, Norwich, to whom they must be returned not later than 1 March, 1960.

RUSSIA, Aug. 1960. Coach driver, pref. teacher wtd for school party. Box 2201.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRE for Urban Studies, University College London, requires for social and statistical research, (a) one Senior Research Assistant, salary dependent on qualifications and experience; (b) one Junior Research Assistant, salary £525-£675. Degree in one of the social sciences essential, and research experience for senior post. Please apply to Mrs Glass, University College London, Gower Street, WC1.

PART-time Club Leader required for backward children, SW London area. 3 sessions per week. £180 p.a. Box 2088.

ASSISTANT Editorship, Architects' Journal offers exceptional opportunity for initiative to a man deeply interested in architecture and planning and able to contribute to editorial policy of a traditionally independent and outspoken journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

THE Society of Housing Managers requires an Assistant Secretary to run small, busy office; experienced committee work, simple accounts, typing. Varied interesting work for quick, efficient organiser. 5-day week, 3 weeks holiday. Commence £600-£650 p.a. according to ability and experience. Full details in writing to Secy, 13 Suffolk St, Pall Mall East, SW1.

PRODUCTION Assistant with progressive ideas on typography and weekly technical journalism required for layout and production of the Architects' Journal. Apply Executive Editor, The Architects' Journal, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

HOWARD League for Penal Reform. Assistant Secretary with sh./typing, office experience, initiative and interest in social work required. Salary from £500. Pension Scheme. 4 weeks' leave. Details: Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1.

BOOKSHOP in North London requires lady assistant. Shop experience not required, but first-class typing essential. Half-day Saturday. £8 p.w. Box 2103.

SECRETARY, sh./typing, general office work. Socialist Medical Assocn, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8. Apply writing.

PERSONAL Secretary, 24/35, educated, highly qualified and a car-driver, for film director, W1. Salary £15. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND-typist, f., reqd for interesting work with impecunious welfare organisation. Happy conditions, gd holidays, l.v's. Reas. salary. Apply in writing, General Sec., 21 Coram St, London, WC1.

SECRETARY with lively versatile mind but not allergic to figures or lit. work required to take charge Chairman of small Company Group with wide interests. Part Fleet Street part country. Ability to drive car an advantage. Commencing salary £600 plus lunches. Box 2269.

INTERNAT./Colonial/Home Affairs organisation C. Lond. sks snr office secretary and typing junior. Box 2296.

EASTER Holidays part-time companion schoolboys 8 & 11, experienced student or teacher London. Box 2324.

PART-time Secretary (afternoons), willing to teach Shorthand and Typewriting, wanted by West End School. Good speeds and one foreign language an advantage. Box 2312.

BAKER Street. Best posts at Aster Agcy, 231 Baker St, NW1. WELbeck 3582.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1. (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

NORFOLK village. Young, single, Anglican Priest reqs housekeeper (m. or f., black/white). Board & sm. wage. Box 2177.

DOCTOR'S house. Cook-housekeeper reqd. 4 adults out all day. Box 2306.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted in London. Yng lady with one child consid. Box 2248.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PRESENTABLE young woman, trilingual, stage, literary, translating experience, wants part-time job (not secretarial) reasonably paid and free by 5 p.m. (two schoolchildren). Own car available. Box 3003.

YOUNG Chinese gentleman (29), British citizen, qualified typing/shorthand/elementary bookkeeping/commerce seeks posn office or other suit. work. Box 3021.

YOUNG female graduate (Mathematics & English) reqs interesting & remunerative work. Anything considered. Box 2032.

SCULPTOR, widely experienced, seeks teaching post part-time or full. Tel. FUL. 7251.

YOUNG Lady (25) seeks interesting occupation where following assets could be used; good education, fluent German & English, expert shorthand & typing, drives own car, tall, good appearance, charming personality. Box 2297.

FOOD AND DRINK

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recom. as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

LECTURE COURSES, etc—cont fm p.236

SHORT COURSE IN OPERATIONAL RESEARCH

The London School of Economics and Political Science will hold a further course in Operational Research, from 28 March to 8 April 1960, for graduates or persons with equivalent qualifications and suitable experience. Limited residential accommodation will be available and fees will be £65 including residence or £50 non-resident. Particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Registrar, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, WC2. The last date for the return of completed application forms is 9 March.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'Religion and the Anthropologist'; (ii) 'Anthropology and History' will be delivered by Professor E. E. Evans-Pritchard (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on 18 and 25 February at University College (Embryology Lecture Theatre), Gower St, WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees/Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit, Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT 3324.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ITALIAN, French, German. Short conversation course for your holiday. Coach all exams. & scholarships. Mrs Chanda, HAM 7322, 7.45-8.45 a.m. Suns 1.15-2.30.

FRENCH and Italian private lessons by expd native teachers. PARk 5917.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes, private lessons. Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (opposite Garrick Theatre). TRAfalgar 2044.

EXPD Russian lady teacher. Indiv. or sm. groups. 10s. 6d. p. lesson. TUL. 3297.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus, Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

HOLIDAYS. Prepare for them with French, German, Italian, Spanish classes. Small groups. Lunch-time & evening classes. The Travellers' School of Languages, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full- and part-time Secretarial Courses start 28 March and 3 October, 1960. Also attractive Language Courses and English for Continentals. Small groups - remarkable results.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

CHINESE Correspondence College: Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese, 21 Postal & Evg Crses recorded. 13 Park Ave. Nth, N8.

GERMAN in 20 lessons by experienced teacher's own new method. Private lessons & evening classes. FLAxman 3364.

AMATEUR Painting club, non-profit-making, beginners or otherwise. Own studios Charlotte St, W1 always open, tuition (best in town) one afternoon and evening weekly, life, still-life, abstract. Particulars: Sec., CSS, 33 Jameson St, W8.

ACADEMY Professor, piano, accepts beginrs & advncd pupils. HEN. 9755.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0156.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art, April, July, August. One eve. course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. and £6 6s. Syllabus from Registrar: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Park, Middx.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept. 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOLARSHIPS

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning October, 1960. Details, copies of the prospectus and application forms from the Secretary, Fircroft College, Birmingham, 29.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting - The Annual competition for five Open Entrance Scholarships will be held at the end of April. These are available for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to: Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' is published by Consumers' Association. The February issue of 'Which?' reports frankly and factually on Hormone Creams, Cycle Rear Lamps, Deodorants, Dyers' & Cleaners' Agreements and completes the Fibres & Fabrics glossary. 'Which?' is available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'3' Arts Quarterly. Painting, Sculpture, New Writing. First issue: March, 1960. Contributors include: Henry Moore, Gio Ponti, Stuart Holroyd, McNeil Lowry. '3' is published by the Woodstock Gallery. Ed: Frederick Palmer.

TRANSLATION of Cockney last week: 'Stop your talk, put on your hat, get down the stairs and round the corner for some beer'. Read 'Dictionary of Rhyming Slang' by Julian Franklyn (Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd. 21s., out 19 February).

WIMBLEDON Common: Visit Lloyds' Bookshop, 64 High St, for scholarly books. Nat. Book Sale 17-27 Feb. Also wide range 2nd-hnd bks, prints, old maps.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

WANTED: Childe's 'Dawn of European Civilisation' (Russian edition); Modern Quarterly (N.S.) 1 (1946). Gathercole, Otago University, Dunedin, NZ.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

WE Buy Paperbacks. Penguin, Pelican, Pan, Fontana & all similar series wtd. Any quantity. V. clean, sound condition essential. Cash per return for parcels or send lists. Bognor Books, Manor Place, Bognor Regis, Sx. Bognor 3375.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

S/H books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Mdx. STO 6020.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Also photo-copying of documents, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. The Colinad Co. Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, sh./typg. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

SLOANE Street Typing Agency for typing: scripts, stories, etc. Also Varityper/Multilith service (bills, handbooks, etc.), 66 Sloane St, SW1. SLO. 0657/8.

TYPING, translating, duplicating by highly-skilled girls from our panel. Literary hack-work also undertkn. Appointment Consultants (Mayfair) Ltd, 7 Sedley Place, London, W1. MAYfair 3747.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2.
Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

16 & 20 Feb. at 7.30	Turandot
18 Feb. at 7.30	Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci
19 Feb. at 6.0	The Mastersingers of Nuremberg

THE ROYAL BALLET

15 Feb. at 7.30	Les Rendezvous, La Fille Mal Gardée
17 Feb. at 7.30	La Fille Mal Gardée, Façade
20 Feb. at 2.15	Coppelia, Façade

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672.
OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

16 Feb.	The Moon and Sixpence
17 Feb.	Pearl Fishers
18 & 20 Feb.	The Marriage of Figaro
19 Feb.	The Merry Widow

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Th. Sat. 5.0. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten'. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence' by Charles Marowitz. A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco. British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square. Frids at 8 p.m. No Charge. '. . . more imaginative work than one sees on most professional London stages'. Alvarez, New Statesman.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 4th week 13th ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys'. 'A musical to remember' - M. Shulman.

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. 15 Feb., 8.0. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall'

TOWER. 7.30. 19, 20, 21 (mems), 25, 26, 27 Feb.: Euripides 'The Bacchae'. New trans. by Neil Currie. Preceded by Tennessee Williams 'Something Unspoken'. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30) Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Bloomsday'. 'Outstanding success', extended till 21 Feb. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Shut Up and Sing', a new musical by Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin. 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. 17, 18 & 19 Feb.

CONCERTS

RFH Recital Room, Tuesday, 16 Feb., 1960, 8.15 p.m. Recital by Young Artists (presented by Incorporated Society of Musicians): Orpheus Trio (flute, violin, piano), Valerie Heath Davies (mezzo-soprano) and Una Bradbury (accomp.), Keith Swallow (piano). Works by C.P.E. Bach, Ibert, Bliss, Mahler, Haydn, Chopin. Tickets 9s., 6s.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. 3rd of 6 Bach concerts. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat. 20 Feb., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE

President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Dance-Recitals by RAM GOPAL and Company at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. 19 and 20 Feb. at 7.30 p.m. (2) CLASSES in Indian Dance by RAM GOPAL - also in Sitar, Veena, Tabla, Singing and Kandyan dances - at 248 Earls Court Road, SW5. Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. and Saturday 3-5 p.m. Inf. re Membership, etc. from Director, 18 Fitzalan Road, N3. FIN. 2934.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 14 Feb. 'The Burmese Harp' (A). Fr. 15 Feb. 12 films by Ingmar Bergman. Port of Call (X).

DRAGON Ball & Party - Porchester Hall, Queensway, W2. Sat., 13 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Organisers guarantee the Pleasures of the Dance - the Fun of the party. Cabaret, Chinese food etc. Tickets 6s. 6d. BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

MEET Central London Fabian friends at the 'Goat and Compasses', 341 Euston Road, on Sat. 20 Feb. Dancing to the Melody Trio from 7.45-11.45. Tickets 4s. available from Marianne Nathan, 18 Hartington Court, W4 (s.a.e.) or on night.

LAUNCH the S. African Boycott at Gala Dance and Cabaret at 'Paso Por Aqui' Club, 64 Heath St, Hampstead (1 min. Hampstead Undergrd), Fri. 26 Feb. from 8 p.m. Band. Bar. Pers. appearance: TV Star Cudley Dudley. Dress informal. Tkts at door 7s. 6d. sgle. SA Freedom Assocn.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday, 13 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a Member.

EXHIBITIONS

THE BRITISH
Write About Themselves
Theatre, History, Politicians
20th Century Novels & The British Way of Life
2-26 February
Weekdays 11-6.30, Thursday 11-8, Saturday 11-5
Admission Free
NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE
7 Albemarle Street, W1.

RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Special section: American Artists from Europe. Works lent through the cooperation of the United States Information Service. 17 February-4 March. Weekdays 10-5. Weds & Fris 10-7. Admission 1s. 6d.

SOVIET Book Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall, 6-19 February, arranged by the British Council for the Soviet Ministry of Culture. Open daily 2-10 p.m. Free.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the thirteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 2 March 1960. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art Dept, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Stone Age Paintings from Castellón. Till 27 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Christian Berard — Paintings & Watercolours. Until 20 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture. 6 Duke Street, St James's.

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Ptgs: McCannell & Daniels.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw: Oils. Graham Sutherland: Early gouaches. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.).

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Trevor Bell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

ARROBUS New Watercolours at John Whibley Gallery, 60 George St, Baker St, W1, until 20 Feb. Dly 9-6, Sat. 9-12.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhib., 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs - Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30. Th. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 1st exhib. paintings Sonia Lawson & Olwyn Bowey. 5-27 Feb.

EXHIBITION of Moscow drawings by Abu of 'The Observer' at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. 16-22 February, 3-8 p.m. daily.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion 'Things and Symbols' Exhibition of a General Consultant Designer's Work. Until 5 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Eric Finlay - Graphic Work. Until 27 February.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Bakic - sculptures. Picelj - paintings. Srnec - paintings. Yugoslav Artists, till 29 February, 10-6.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1960. Opens tomorrow at 2.30 p.m. Wkdays 11-6; Suns 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square, Robert Medley - recent pntgs. Raquel Rabinovich - first London Exhibition. Sam Rabin 'The Ring' and other pictures.

NUDES of Jean Straker–Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

TOOTHS: Opening 16 February, Homage to Matthew Smith. A Loan Exhibition. Daily 9.30-5.30. Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S reproductions from Piero to Picasso and Piper. Details from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

BERNARD Leach Exhibition at Primavera. Private View 6-8 p.m. 15 Feb. Exhibition open 16-27 Feb. inclusive. Daily 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1 p.m. 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. C. Ben-Tovim, Timothy Holliday, Peter H. Lucas. Paintings & Drawings. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

FOUR-One an exhibition of paintings by Michael Fussell, Patrick Hayman, Jack Smith, Evelyn Williams, with sculpture by George Fullard. 7-27 Feb. S. Ldn Art Gall. Peckham Rd, SE5. Dly 10-6. Suns 3-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

COLLET'S TALKS

SIR CHARLES SNOW

on

'EDUCATION IN THE USSR, USA & BRITAIN'

Friday, 19 February, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. 2s.

Collet's, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

THE NEW JEWISH SOCIETY
presents
THE WORLD'S FUTURE NO. 3:
'CITIES OF TOMORROW'
Graeme Shankland, ARIBA, AMTPI,
Wednesday 17 February at 8 p.m.
83 Chiltern Street, W1.

ANTI-Semitism and Racial Incitement Conference on Saturday, 27 February at Friends' House, Euston Road, NW1, 2.30 p.m. Speakers The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Leslie Plummer, MP, and Mr Neil Lawson, QC. Called by the National Council for Civil Liberties to follow up the protests and recommend the solution. Details from NCCL, 293 New King's Rd, SW6. (RENown 2254).

IN Place of the Bomb - Frank Beswick leads meeting on Defence. Partisan Coffee House Library, Carlisle Street, W1. 23 February at 8 p.m. Organised by the LCS Political Committee.

DIRECT Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. STA. 7062. Brixton to Holloway March, Sat., 13 February. To coincide with release of the Direct Action Committee. Assemble 10 a.m. outside Brixton Prison.

FORWARD to 1964. Fabian Spring Lectures in London. Anthony Crosland, Kenneth Younger, Sydney Jacobson, Anthony Wedgwood Benn. Tuesdays from 15 Mar. Dets from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

MODERN Youth Culture: Progressive League Conference 4/6 Mar., Bracklesham Bay, nr Chichester. Chairman: Stephen Schenk. Montague Stephens: Values and Attitudes of Modern Youth; Dr Terence Morris: Society and the Young Delinquent; Dr Donald J. Hughes: Youth and Music; an anthropologist: Youth in Primitive and Modern Society. Youth Panel. Youth Music and Film Sessions. Fees: £4 2s. 6d., full-time students under 25 £2 10s. Full partics. from, and bookings to: Miss N. Hackwood, 14 Stratford Rd, W8. (WES. 8477 - evenings and w.e.s only).

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq., SW1. Lecture by Prof. L. Pericot, E. Ripoll & J. B. Porcar on 'El arte rupestre en Castellón' on 18 February, at 6 p.m.

AMERICAN Embassy USIS Lectures. 'The Background of America's Present World Position'. Thurs. 18 Feb., 8 p.m. 41 Grosvenor Sq. Prof. E. V. Rostow (Yale) speaks on 'The Influence of Ideas & Values on American Foreign Policy'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m. 14 Feb.: Dr John Gill, 'The Moral Crisis in America'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lect., Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed., 17 Feb., 6.30: 'The Control & Development of the Mind'. Christmas Humphreys. Also, at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea - open to all), 20 Feb., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

LECTURES & MEETINGS—continued

A SOIREE at which the Home Secretary, the Lord Chief Justice, and Lord Pakenham will be the principal speakers will be held on 22 February at 8.30 p.m. in Lincoln's Inn Hall in aid of the New Bridge (regd charity), an association of friends of the discharged prisoner. Tickets £2 2s., obtainable from Sec., the New Bridge, 2 Beaconsfield Terrace Road, W14.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Position of the Dutch Language in the World' will be delivered by Professor W. G. Hellinga (Amsterdam) at 5.15 p.m. on 16 February at Bedford College, Regent's Park, NW1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Problems in Writing a Novel' will be delivered by Miss Mary McCarthy (author of 'The Groves of Academe') at 5.30 p.m. on 16 February at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 16 Feb. 'Problems of Early Steam Engine Design' by Dr K. Ridgway; 18 Feb. 'The Beginnings of Letter-Writing in the English Language' by Mr J. L. Kirby.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. S.O. Ayodo on 'Kenya Today'. 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, 17 February. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group, The Political Novel. Zola, Germinal, and Gorki, Mother: Frederick Sampson. 8 p.m., 25 February, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

NLR Principles of Socialism Study Group, Why Social Ownership?: Michael Barrett-Brown. Sun. 14 Feb., 3 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

HISTORY & the World Today. Series of Socialist Lectures. 'Liberty, Equality & De Gaulle'. R. Critchfield. Sun. 14 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Central Club, 127 Clerkenwell Rd, EC1. (Grays Inn Rd end). Socialist Party of Great Britain.

LAUNCH the Boycott Campaign. Mass March & Rally. Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square, Sunday 28 February. Assembly: 1.45 p.m. at Marble Arch. Trafalgar Square, 3 p.m. Speakers: Dr Mary Stocks, Miss Rita Smythe, Lord Altrincham, Rt Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, MP, Mr Jeremy Thorpe, MP, Mr Tennyson Makiwane (African National Congress). Recorded Boycott Appeal from Chief Luthuli. For information and check-list of goods write: Boycott Movement, 293 New King's Road, SW6. Boycott South African Goods.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 12 Feb., 8 p.m., Beatrice King: 'Changes in Soviet Russian Education'. Chair: H. Raymond King. Fri. 19 Feb., 8 p.m., A. A. Surkov (Pres., USSR-Gt Britain Assn, Moscow): 'Soviet Literature Today' (in Russian, with transln). At Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7, Sun. 14 Feb., 4 p.m., Soviet film. Seats reserved in adv. PARk 7696.

AGAINST Fascism - against racism! Hornsey Town Hall (41 bus route). Mon. 15 Feb., 8 p.m. Prominent speakers. N. London Inter-Racial Assn. Adm. free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 14 Feb. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Laurens Otter, 'Catholic Anarchism'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tuesdays, 7.30, Discourse. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs., 18 Feb., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Questions & Ans. (In event of strike Kingsway Hall Meetings cancelled).

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m. 16 Feb.: Dr John Lewis. 'Mental Health. II - The Ministry of Philosophy'.

IIWC London Branch, Fri., 19 Feb., 8.30. 'Indian Music', Dr John Marr, Lecturer, School of Oriental and African Studies. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public lecture. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 14 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Intellectual Crisis in America': John G. Gill (with coffee after the discussion).

'CULTURE of Concentration'. Public Lecture. 14 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'WHAT Homeopathy can do', Dr E. K. Ledermann, Caxton Hall, 15 Feb. 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Soc.

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